

A FIFTH EDITION,
WITH GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.

A
T. O U R
THROUGH
H O L L A N D, &c.

Price Three Shillings and Six-pence, with the Map.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

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WITH GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.



THROUGH

HOLLAND, &c.

Printed by W. Woodcock, at the Press of the British Museum, Strand.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

A
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H O L L A N D,
D U T C H B R A B A N T,
T H E
A U S T R I A N N E T H E R L A N D S,
A N D
P A R T O F F R A N C E:

IN WHICH IS INCLUDED A
D E S C R I P T I O N O F P A R I S
A N D I T S
E N V I R O N S: *K*

By the late HARRY PECKHAM, Esq.

One of His Majesty's COUNCIL, and RECORDER
of the City of CHICHESTER.

with this FIFTH EDITION is given

A MAP OF HOLLAND AND THE NETHERLANDS,
FROM the LAST SURVEYS.

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PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, NO. 46. FLEET STREET.

M DCC XCIII.

T O U R

THROUGH

H O L L A N D
D U T C H B R A V A N T

THE

A U S T R I A N N E T H E R L A N D S

A N D



D E S C R I P T I O N O F P A R I S

A N D I T S

E N V I R O N S

E T C E T E R A

BY J. G. COOPER, ESQ.

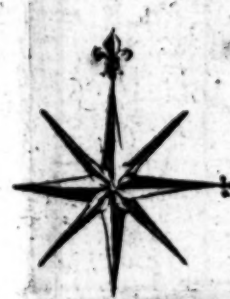
WITH THE FIRST EDITION IN 1804

A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION, BY J. G. COOPER, ESQ.

L O N D O N

AT THE BATHS

NAAUWKEURIGE KAART
der
VEREENIGDE NEDERLANDEN
tot opheldering der
VADERLANDSCHE HISTORIE
in de Zestiende Eeuwe.
Te AMSTERDAM
By ISAAC TIRION
MDCCLII.



N O O R D
Z E E





T O U R

H O L L A N D, &c.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have sacrificed your judgment to your friendship, or you would not have asked my permission to publish those letters I sent you from abroad, nor endeavoured by compliments to win my consent.

Consider the hasty manner in which they were written; frequently at table, and in the company of my friends; both language and grammar therefore, I am afraid, have often been violated, and I have neither time to polish the one, nor inclination to correct the other.

B

The

The observations are too thinly scattered, and are either crude, or common; even the *purpureus pannus* is wanting to recommend them.

You tell me they proved of infinite service to you, because the names and value of the different coins were ascertained and compared with the English: that the distance from place to place, with the mode and expence of travelling, was accurately calculated, and none of the places within the tour, worthy a stranger's attention, were omitted. I confess that these are advantages to the few who travel, but to other readers will prove only a dry detail.

I have not the vanity to suppose, that such letters can benefit either the publisher or the public. I am convinced they cannot do their author credit, must therefore insist upon my name's being concealed, and that you will erase every sentence that might lead to the detection of

Your ever affectionate friend,

Helyoerfluce.

DEAR SIR,

NOTHING could have added to the pleasure I promise myself in this little excursion, but the addition of your company; as the pursuits you are engaged in render it impossible, I must submit, and console myself with endeavouring to make my letters a faithful guide, though not an agreeable companion. As I write with this view, I must often be very tedious in mentioning a thousand little nothings which in your intended tour will not be wholly immaterial, as I know not of any treatise to guide you through Holland, and instruct you in those articles, which every traveller must otherwise be at a loss to know.

After having hunted all the booksellers shops and stalls in London, I at length picked up a voluminous octavo in English, whose title promised me a Description of Holland, with the whole et cætera of manners and customs; — but this pompous *Title* afforded me

only a tedious detail of the Hague; we must therefore blunder through the country as well as we can, without other assistance than a little French and some money.

I left London at four yesterday morning with my two friends, and an English servant who knows no language but his own. The road is well calculated for expedition, being free from hills, and there is but little sand to retard a carriage. We breakfasted at Witham, where there was nothing to attract our attention, but the very great civility of our host at the Blue Posts. We made some little stay at Colchester, to take a cursory view of the town, which is considerable in the number, as well as in the goodness, of the houses. The grand street is very spacious, on the left of which is an old quadrangular brick castle, converted now into a prison, the only use it can be adapted to. The road does not abound in views, but between Manningtree and Harwich, there are some scenes tolerably picturesque, which are heightened by the Tide-river that divides Essex and Suffolk.

Harwich

Harwich is, I think, the worst of all possible places, but the accommodations at the White Hart perhaps made me peevish; add to this, the shoal of scoundrels who pick your pocket with impunity. As it is a borough town, the voters must be provided for, and are rewarded with salaries arising from the fees of such emigrants as myself.

We were first attacked by a clerk for thirteen shillings and sixpence each, for which he generously gave us a piece of paper, which he called a permit, and which was of no other use but for a Dutchman to light his pipe with. He told me, in answer to my inquiry into the nature of his demand, that he was rather thick of hearing; I thought his reason conclusive, and we paid him his fees immediately.

The officers of the customs then insisted on their fees for tumbling our clothes, and detaching our trunks, and for what they call *sufferance*, which is, "to permit a man to take out of the kingdom what the laws have not prohibited." Having thus run the gantlet of imposition, we set sail in the

Prince of Orange, Capt. Story, at half past six in the evening. This vessel carries twelve men, and her burthen is one hundred and six tons. We found excellent accommodations, the cabin being a spacious room and rather elegantly fitted up. The passage must be difficult and extremely dangerous to men not perfectly conversant with these seas, on account of the innumerable shoals and rocks. We were very fortunate in the fineness of the evening, and fairness of the wind. I know not a more glorious sight than the sun setting in the waters; and as the night came on, was much pleased with observing the different light-houses for the direction of pilots, and the waves striking fire against the prow of the ship. — Philosophers have entertained various opinions concerning this luminous appearance: Boyle attributed it to some cosmical law of the terrestrial globe, or at least of the planetary vortex: but Mr. Canton, F. R. S. has proved by experiments, as simple as ingenious, that it arises from the putrefaction of the animal substances in the sea. — The Captain entertained us with throwing the log-line: this is done by a little square piece of wood

wood let down from the stern of the ship, which is tied to a cord wound on a reel, and at equal distances has knots made in it; from the number of knots which run out in a minute (for which purpose there is a minute glass), the sailors compute how many miles the vessel makes in an hour.

In this manner we land men amused ourselves, till drowsiness warned us to our cabins: these are little boxes within the sides of the ship of sufficient size to hold one person. As there were no sheets, I turned in with my clothes on, and slept very soundly till the Captain waked me in the morning, with the pleasing news of our being within sight of Helvoet, where we landed about ten o'clock; and as soon as we had refreshed ourselves with a dish of tea, spent the remainder of the day in examining this little sea port.

Helvoetsluice is situated in the Island of Voorn, in the province of Holland; is surrounded with a wet fosse and a strong rampart faced with brick; which is intended, as much, I believe, to guard against the irruption of the waves, as of an enemy. The har-

3 T O U R O F

bour, which seems wonderfully safe, runs through the middle of the town, and projects, by the help of piers, about fifty yards into the main ocean. There is a grandeur in this attempt, which I should not have thought the genius of the Dutch capable of, though I am well aware that their industry would surmount the difficulty. The water at the pier-head is ninety feet deep, the piles are one hundred and forty feet long, and are driven thirty-five feet into the shore; the interstices are filled with bavins, which are kept down with large stones brought from Norway. The dexterity of our naval charioteer pleased me much, for he turned round the corner of the pier with as sharp an angle as I have ever seen made by a carriage.

This harbour is full of ships; on each side is a spacious quay laid with Dutch clinkers; beyond which is a façade of houses most whimsically pretty; the window shutters are painted with yellow or green, and there is a painted bench at every door. where the people sit in stupid inactivity, and I believe without any conversation, for I have scarce seen a mouth open unless to yawn. The houses are built in
a wretched

a wretched style, with narrow fronts, running up to a point, by which means the gable end destroys the attic story.

The harbour runs through the town to a large basin, which contains at present twelve men of war lying in perfect security. It is divided from the harbour by a pair of flood-gates, over which is thrown a bridge of curious mechanism. It divides in the middle, and under the center of each half are sixteen brass wheels fixed on an axle which stands on a large buttress; it is so nicely hung that a child may turn it, when both parts of the bridge point up and down the harbour, which effectually stops the passage.

In the dock there seems to be but a very inconsiderable quantity of naval stores, and in the barracks, which are extremely neat, only two companies of soldiers. The walks upon the ramparts are very pleasing, being turfed and perfectly clean, as indeed is almost every thing here—so nice are they, that at our hostess's, Mrs. Wykhams, there is a little scale hangs upon the nose of the boiler to catch the drops, lest they should fall upon the

hearth, which is of polished iron: and I narrowly escaped a beating from the chamber-maid for having my hair powdered in my bed-chamber. We strolled into a church, which had nothing but cleanliness to recommend it. The men sit with their hats on, and both men and women are seated in the body of the church, in chairs numbered on the backs. The priest spoke extempore with fluency, but as I know not the language, am ignorant of his merit.

The Captain promises to put this letter into the post at Harwich; you shall hear from me again as soon as I have any thing to communicate, and time to write. We purpose leaving this place to-morrow morning.

Adieu!

Rotterdam.

DEAR SIR,

WE left Helvoet on Monday morning in a stage waggon, which was the best conveyance the place afforded; and even to get that, requires no little form. I went to the Commissary, who upon receiving six stivers, rang a bell, which in a few moments summoned all the waggoners in the town; when thus assembled, to prevent partiality in the Commissary, and disputes among the drivers, the dice determine who shall have the fare, for which purpose there is fixed over the Commissary's door a kind of manger with a large box and dice. The price is fixed, imposition therefore is impossible. This miserable vehicle differs only from an English cart in being somewhat slighter, and by having the cover painted with different colours; it is drawn by a pair of horses, and guided by the boor, who sits in the head of it. To this machine there are no shafts, but a piece of wood, like a bugle horn, comes from the axle, with an iron hook, into which the driver puts one foot, and with it

guides the carriage to a hair's breadth; the other he claps on the posteriors of one of his horses; in this manner we travelled through very indifferent roads, and at a very moderate pace to the Brill; I believe their pace is as fixed as their price; and you might as easily persuade one of these savages to accelerate the one, as to diminish the other.

The Brill is larger than Helvoet, and is tolerably fortified; the buildings are old but regular, the streets are spacious, and some of them lined with trees. The town is situated on the mouth of the Maes, which is a mile and a half wide. All the vessels that go to Rotterdam pass by this place: and here is a boat for passengers which sails every tide to Rotterdam. A tolerable trade is still carried on here, but it has dwindled much from its former importance.

This was the first town taken by the malecontents under the Count of Marche, from the Spaniards in 1572, which was afterwards delivered up to Queen Elizabeth, with Flushing and Ramekhus, as a mortgage for the money
the

she had expended in supporting the States against Philip the Second of Spain.

These cautionary towns were given up by James the First, in 1616, for one third of the money they were originally pledged for, owing to the poverty and folly of the king, and the subtilty of the pensionary Barnevelt, who managed the negotiation.

There are twelve companies of soldiers quartered in the town; the Dutch uniform is blue faced with red, which has not so brilliant an appearance as the English and French uniforms. We attended the parade, and were treated with much civility by an officer of the corps who talked English. The parade being finished, a grenadier was flogged for drunkenness; he received twenty two strokes with the flat of the broadsword over his clothes; a punishment as trifling, as with us the offence is common. From the Brill we passed the Maes in a ferry-boat to Rosenburg, a place of inconsiderable extent, but large enough to sustain six hundred head of cattle, four hundred of which have died with in these three months of the distemper which
rages

rages through the whole province with the most fatal violence.

We were shaken over this island in a common cart, the only convenience of the place, and crossed another branch of the Maes which brought us to Maesland-sluis, esteemed one of the finest villages in the south part of Holland. It is an extensive place, well built, with canals running through almost every street; those which have not the benefit of the water, are ornamented with rows of walnut trees; and though chiefly inhabited by fishermen, the town is as neat as cleanliness can make it. We staid here only for the setting out of the treckschuyte, which goes to Delft six times a day. It resembles a livery barge on the Thames, but is smaller and less ornamented; it is drawn by one horse, and goes with the greatest ease four miles in an hour, which is the Dutch method of computing distance; so many hours to such a place; not leagues, like the French, nor miles as the English. In fine weather this method of travelling is absolutely delightful; for a mere trifle you may hire the *roof*, which is a small cabin at the end of the boat,

boat, with two sash windows on each side, a table in the middle, velvet cushions to sit on, and good room for six or eight people. The motion of the boat is imperceptible, and you may read, write, eat, or sleep, with as much ease as in your chamber. If this is not agreeable, you may get on the top of the boat, which has almost a flat roof, on which you may walk without danger, and as there is not a hillock in the country, you have nothing to intercept your view. I was almost sorry to leave the treckschuyte, which landed us at Delft about five o'clock in the evening. We dined at the Doel, a most admirable inn, and after dinner took a little walk round the city, which is in circumference between two and three miles, of an oblong figure, surrounded by an old wall and ditch, and defended by three dams against inundations. It is situated between Rotterdam and the Hague. The streets are wide, adorned with trees, canals, and many stone bridges: the inhabitants are rich, but being chiefly people who have retired from business, the trade of the place is but inconsiderable: even the Delft manufactory (which is little inferior to China, except in transpa-

transparency, which has been in vain attempted) greatly decays ; the Dutch East-India Company having imported such quantities of China, that it is become within the purchase of the lower class of people.

The principal magazine and armory of Holland is in this town, which does not make a very formidable appearance. We saw the old palace, which is now inferior to a common burgher's house. They shew you the mark of the balls in the wall, which went through the head of William, the first prince of Orange, the founder of the state ; who was assassinated by Balthazar Ghirard, an emissary of Philip the Second. His tomb is shewn in the New Church, in marble, of very indifferent execution ; the epitaph concludes in these words. — “*Herois veré pii, prudentis,*
“ invicti, quem Philippus Secundus, Hisp.
“ rex, Europæ timor, timuit, non domuit,
“ non terruit, sed empto percussore, fraude
“ nefandâ sustulit.” This church has one of the finest steeples in the Low Countries ; and the chimes, which play every quarter of an hour, are most unusually harmonious.

In

In the Old Church are two monuments erected to the memory of Van Trump and Peter Hein, remarkable only for the heroes they are to perpetuate.

The Market-place is a spacious square; on one side stands the New Church; on the other, the Town house, which is an old Gothic building, but tricked out with paint and ornament, so as to make no contemptible figure.

The Spin-house, or Bridewell, is as near as any private house in England. Fornication is not so commendable, I find, in Holland, as with us, at least in the eye of magistracy; for there were many poor girls confined for their *philanthropy*, for five, ten, and some even for twenty years.

The two chief streets lie parallel to each other, and are near a mile in length—canals run through them edged with stately trees. Before most of the doors is an excellent pavement of black and white marble; but as there is a bench at every house, it effectually prevents any person from walking on it.

About

About noon, on Thuesday, we left Delft, and took the treckschuyte to this place. The Quay we embarked from, was very spacious, adorned with trees, and the canal broader than any I had seen. It is a most agreeable journey to Rotterdam; the number of little gardens and pleasure houses built on the banks of the canal, the little village of Overschie, which is about mid-way, and a fine avenue of trees above half a mile in length, which leads you to the gates of Rotterdam, all conspire to fill the mind with pleasure.

Rotterdam lies on the north side of the Maes, about fifteen miles from the sea, is of a triangular form, and, in point of trade, inferior only to Amsterdam; in the spaciousness of the streets, and elegance of the houses, infinitely beyond it. The canals are so large as to admit ships of two or three hundred tons, even to the very doors of the merchants; and I know not so romantic a sight, as to see from the environs, the chimnies, masts of ships, and the tops of trees, promiscuously huddled together, that it would require a degree of divination to tell whether it is a town, a fleet, or a forest.

The

The grandest, as well as most agreeable street in Rotterdam, is the Bomb Quay, which lies parallel with the Maes; on one side it is open to the river, and the other is ornamented with a grand façade of the best houses in the city, inhabited chiefly by the English; they are five or six stories high, massy and very clumsy: wherever there is any attempt at ornament, it is the worst that can be conceived. One sees no Grecian architecture, except Doric entablatures, stuck upon the top of the upper story, without pilasters; Ionic volutes, turned often the wrong way, and an attempt at Corinthian capitals, without any other part of the order. The doors are large, and stuck with great knobs and clumsy carving; you ascend to them, not in front, but by three or four steps going up on each side, and you are assisted by iron rails of a most immense thickness: these houses are almost all window, and the window shutters and frames being painted green, the glass has all a green cast, which is helped by the reflection from the trees that over-shadow their houses, which, were it not for this circumstance, would be intolerably hot, from their vicinity to the canals. Most of
the

the houses have looking-glasses placed on the outsides of the windows, on both sides, in order that they may see every thing which passes up and down the street. The stair-cases are narrow, steep, and come down almost to the door. I describe these as some of the handsomest buildings in this country: in general the houses rise with enormous steep roofs, turning the gable end to the street, and leaning considerably forward, so that the top often projects near two feet beyond the perpendicular. The Bomb Quay is so broad, that there are distinct walks for carriages and foot passengers, lined and shaded with a double row of trees—You look over the river on some beautiful meadows, and a fine avenue of trees, which leads to the Pest-house: it seems to be an elegant building, and the trees round it are so disposed as to appear a thick wood.

This street is at least half a mile in length, and extends from the Old to the New Head, the two places where the water enters to fill the canals of this extensive city. I must observe, that when water runs through a street, it then assumes the name of canal, of which
kind

kind the Haringvliet has the pre eminence: the houses are of free-stone, and very lofty; the canal is spacious, and covered with ships: at one end stands the English church, a neat pretty building, of which the bishop of London is Ordinary.

Upon the Great Bridge, in the Grand Market-place, is the statue of that wonderful man Erasmus; it is bigger than the life, in brass, clad in a Doctor's gown, and holding a book in his hand. He was born in 1467, and died at Eriburg in Alsace, in the year 1536.

Near to the market-place is the great church of St. Laurence; from the tower I had as extensive a view as my eye could command, there being neither hill nor wood to intercept my sight: I saw Delft and the Hague, to the north; Dort, to the south; Brill, to the west; Amsterdam, to the east, and Utrecht lies off to the south-east.

There are four churches in Rotterdam of the established religion, which is the Calvinist, and twelve clergymen to attend them, whose

whose stipends are one hundred and seventy pounds per annum each, which is paid out of the revenues of the city. St. Laurence is, like all other Dutch churches, divested of ornament; gloomy, and dark, by reason of the numberless atchievements which are hung every where round the walls, and which are in general of black velvet, with the arms blazoned, encompassed in a heavy black frame. The naves of the churches are filled with common rush-bottomed chairs, and the isles with little square wooden boxes perforated, into which, in the cold season, are put small stoves, and then they quit the isles for more agreeable quarters, under the petticoats of the ladies. The altar of this church is divided from the nave with a brass balustrade and heavy pillars of marble.

Among many epitaphs, there was one curious enough to be taken down in writing:

Invicti Herois

Johannis a Brakell

Prætoris, ut dicunt nocturni,

Manib: ac. Mem: Sacrum:

Hoc tegitur Saxo Brakelius Æquoris Horror,

Cui Flamma et Ferrum cessit, et Unda Maris.

Fallimur,

Fallimur, an Flammas nunc evomit, ad spice
jam, jam,

* *Ferrea* qui ruit *Vincula*, rumpit humum.

I look on the Exchange, which was finished in 1736, to be the finest building in Rotterdam: it is a quadrangle of free stone, with a light cloister; is much neater, though nothing like so large as our Royal Exchange, but there is no merit in the architecture.

The Weese-house, for orphan children, is likewise a very handsome edifice of free-stone, with twenty windows in front; it maintains three hundred boys, and as many girls, who are taught to read, write, work, and to be both useful and good members of society.

There are two other considerable charities in this town; the one for old men, the other for old women; and there is likewise an infirmary.

We last night hired a coach, which is fixed at a gilder an hour, to take us to Delfts-Ha-

* Alluding to his breaking through the iron chains that were stretched across the river Medway.

ven,

ven, a little village about half of an hour's distance. The road was very pleasant, being planted on each side with trees: there was nothing sufficiently curious in the place itself to drag us from Rotterdam; but it being a public fair, we wished to see the humours of a Dutch Wake. Children's toys and women's slippers seemed to make the chief figure, there being little else to be sold.

We followed the sound of a fiddle into a little ale house, and walked up stairs into a room full of peasants and tobacco. There were four girls jumping about, which they called dancing, and thirty or forty more sitting round with their pipes and tobacco, admiring the activity of the nymphs, and rolling out such clouds of smoke, that we were soon obliged to withdraw to avoid suffocation. From thence we went to a barn to see a Dutch Tragedy and Farce: two of the actresses were tolerably pretty; but Dutch, even from the mouth of beauty, would be an antidote to Love. It was late in the evening before we got home, notwithstanding which, I have risen very early this morning, to write you, thus circumstantially, the journal of the last

last three days. We purpose leaving Rotterdam this morning, having seen every thing said to be worthy our attention; I am called to breakfast, can therefore only add, that we are at the Swine's Hoof, which is well situated, being in the middle of the Market-place. This house is much frequented by the English; a good ordinary both for dinner and supper, where we have met with very genteel people — I should recommend you, by all means, to this inn.

I am, Dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours.

Sunday Evening.

Secretary Fagel's Summer-House, near to Hague.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE found leisure, when I least expected it, and pen, ink, and paper in a place where I have taken refuge from a storm. I am this moment writing in a summer-house, in the center of the gardens of Greffier Fagel, who is secretary of state. The fineness of the evening induced us to walk to these gardens, which are only a mile from the Hague,

C

but

but a thunder-storm has suddenly broken over us, and forced me to fly for shelter to this place, at the end of the avenue: where my friends are I know not, but hope in as comfortable a situation. Instead of a Dido, I have a Dutch Gardener with me, who can speak only his own language, of which I understand not a single word. I must have recourse to my pen for amusement, and as the storm promises to continue, may probably have time to finish my letter. I confess these gardens are as magnificent as the Dutch gardens can be, where art has lost sight of nature. Here is water in abundance, trees out of number, and a great extent of ground; but the water consists of stagnated canals; the trees are planted by a line, and tortured into form; and the extent answers no other purpose than to multiply the dull uniformity.

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

I see many buildings dispersed over the gardens in well-chosen spots, especially a temple on a sand-hill, which commands the

the village of Scheveling, the Hague, and the sea. The house is a mere nothing, indeed it is intended only as a little box for retirement from the fatigues of office and bustle of the town.

We left Rotterdam on Thursday morning, returned to Delft in the treckschuyte; walked through the town to the Hague-gate, where we found the boat just ready to push off. The canal from thence to Ryfwick is skirted with rows of elms. Instead of going on to the Hague, we got out at the bridge, and walked down to the village, at about half a mile's distance. — The palace is old, unrepaired, and unfurnished; famous only for the peace made there, so advantageous to the Dutch, by the confederate powers of Europe with Lewis XIV. in 1697. The Prince now and then comes there for half an hour, and amuses himself with courting hares in the court yard, which is within a wall about fifty yards square. — A very princely recreation!

We dined at the Strack-huis, and met
4 C 2 with

with a comfortable repast, which we little expected in such a place. In the cool of the evening we walked to the Hague, at the distance of two short miles, under the shade of a row of elms.

The Hague, in French, la Haye, the Hedge, (the Dutch call it s'Gravenhage, or the Earl's Grove, alluding to a wood which formerly grew there, where the Earls of Holland had a country house) is only a village, not being walled, nor sending deputies to the States; nevertheless, it is the residence of all the Foreign Ambassadors, the seat of Government, and, without dispute, the most beautiful place upon earth. On the south lies Delft, on the north the House in the Wood, Scheveling and the sea to the west, and the great canal to Leyden on the east.

Monday Morning.

I was interrupted last night, in the middle of my letter, by Mr. Fagel, who on hearing from one of his servants, that a stranger

stranger had taken shelter in his gardens, as soon as the storm was abated, waited on me, and invited me to take the refreshments his house afforded. I found my friends already housed, and after sitting some little time, we made our obellance, and returned to the Hague. I believe I may now proceed without fear of interruption, in giving you an account of this charming place. It is totally surrounded with a canal, over which are many bridges, and a row of lofty trees borders the water's edge. The streets are so spacious, and so much adorned with trees and water, that you can scarce conceive yourself in a town; and there are so many squares and public places laid out in shady walks, and surrounded with such magnificent buildings, that it beggars all description.

I will mention two or three of the most striking parts of the Hugue, among which I think the Vyverburg has the pre-eminence: it is a kind of square, consisting of several shady walks; on one side, a row of magnificent houses; on the other, the Vyver, which is a large bason of water, faced with stone, two hundred yards in length, and near one hun-

dred in breadth; in the center of it is an island planted with trees: one end of the Vyverburg opens to the Voorhout, which is a large plantation of trees, in the middle of which is the Mall, railed in on both sides; it is strewed with shells, as are all the walks in Holland, there being neither stone nor gravel in the whole country, the walks are consequently unpleasant, as the shells never bind, but crumble into dust, and feel like loose sand under your feet. At the upper end of the mall is the Hotel of Opdam, belonging to Count Wassenaar; but the most elegant building in the Hague is the New House (which describes a semi-circle) of the Prince of Wicburgh, who married the Prince of Orange's sister.

The New Princess's Graft, is a row of palaces, rather than of houses, which front the wood, from which they are divided by a broad pavement and a canal. Casuari-Street is adjoining, in which is the French Playhouse, a neat little theatre. We were at the Comedy on Friday evening; the actors were tolerably good.

I must

I must not omit mentioning to you the Prince's Graft, which is half a mile in length, proportionably broad, and perfectly straight, with a canal, shaded with trees, running through the midst of it, over which are thrown many fine stone bridges, with iron rails on them.

One of the greatest curiosities in the Hague, is the Prince's Cabinet, which is open at twelve o'clock on Fridays, and accessible to all strangers, who previously send their names: this house was purchased of the Countess of Albemarle, faces the Vyver, and is situated at the corner of the Outer Court, where the horse-guards parade.

In the first room you see a small, but most excellent collection of Chinese swords, knives, and other instruments in gold, richly inlaid with precious stones; and ear-rings, bracelets, and much female ornament and apparel. In the next apartment is a good collection of shells, among which the Concha Veneris did not escape my notice; the shape being entirely analogous to the name.

In the third room is a brilliant shew of precious stones, fossils, minerals, and petrifications. The fourth apartment is filled with various kinds of serpents and small animals: and the last room is ornamented with a large collection of birds extremely well preserved.

These are the best part of the Cabinet, and there are many rare species among them; but the collection is now eclipsed by that which has been since collected by Sir Ashton Lever, and is now exhibited at London, by Mr. Parkinson.

The disposition and neatness of the whole is admirable, and well worthy a stranger's attention.

Very near to the Prince's cabinet is the Prison, where the De-Witts (the best citizens the Republic knew) died martyrs to the fury and folly of the rabble. It is singular enough to reflect, that the vulgar, who are so bigoted to liberty, or rather to licentiousness and anarchy, should on this occasion have deviated so far from their levelling principles,

principles, as to destroy those real patriots because they opposed the advancement of the Prince of Orange (King William the Third), and wished to preserve their country in its original democratical state.

The Palace of the Stadtholder is situated in the center of the town, surrounded by a moat; its external appearance is not very striking, being an old irregular building; but a finer collection of pictures by the Dutch and Flemish masters I have never seen; especially in a little room called the Study, filled by the most capital painters.

The Virgin, with the blessed Infant in her arms—by Raphael.

Adam and Eve in Paradise, surrounded with the birds and beasts—by Brughel.

Portraits—by Rembrandt—Vandyke, and Hans-Holbein.

A Dutch kitchen full of game, fish and flesh, most admirably done—by Teniers.

Many landscapes and fancy pieces by, Ga-

briel Metz, * Jan Steen, † Potter, ‡ and Wouvermans.

I look on this room to be complete; there is not a picture but may be dwelt on with delight. In the next room are two courtezans in crayons, by Bolomeii; the one has a black veil thrown over the side of her face; the other has a slight cymar over her bosom; but the painter has made it so transparent, that he has left but little for the imagination.

Abraham sacrificing Isaac, in ivory, is imitably carved.

In the other apartments, among many fine

* Metz was born at Leyden, in 1658; and died under the operation of cutting for the stone. His subjects were usually taken from low life; such as women selling fish, fowls, or hares; sick persons attended by the doctor; chymists in the laboratories; dead game; painters shops, and drawing schools hung with prints. He finished with extreme neatness—painted portraits well—and approached near to Vandyke.

† Jan Steen was born at Leyden, in 1689, and was remarkable for his conversations and drolls. His drawing is sometimes censurable, but his design was generally correct, his figures well disposed, and his characters strongly marked.

‡ Paul Potter was born at Enkhyfen in 1625; he was an expert master at 15—His subjects were landscapes with different animals, but principally cows, oxen, sheep, and goats, which he painted in the highest perfection.

pieces,

pieces, you will find a very large one by Porter, painted in 1647.—The design is a peasant looking at his cattle; the flies on the cows seem alive, and a toad sitting on the grass has equal excellence.

There are some fruit and game pieces by Weenix, * well done; and some excellent pieces on copper, by Rothenamer. †

Abraham offering up Isaac, by Andrea del Sarto.

Two landscapes, by Vernet.

The Sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Coypel—This is esteemed his master-piece, applauded by the best judges, and was celebrated by the poets of the time.

A Dutch room, in which are two women and a child in the cradle, which is wonder-

* This was John Weenix, the son, who was born at Amsterdam in 1644; he far surpassed his father, who was much esteemed. His usual subjects were animals of every kind, landscapes and flowers, with some game pieces.

† John Rothenamer was born at Munich, in 1564; painted historical subjects on copper, of a very small size; imitated Titorello—painted both in fresco and oil.

fully done, by Douw—Sixteen hundred ducats were refused for this piece. There is nothing superb in the furniture, nor in the size of the apartments; the pictures are the only things which are worthy attention.

On the other side of the quadrangle is the Chamber of the States, where the business of the States-General is transacted: it is hung with green cloth, and all the ornaments are the portraits of the Princes of Orange.

The chamber where the Ambassadors are received, is of the same size, and looks upon the Vyver—At the upper end of this room is a fine piece of William the Third: the carpet under his feet has been much admired.

The little room adjoining, is the chamber to which the ministers withdraw for private conferences: It is made most valuable by twelve little pieces, giving the history of Claudius Civilis, by Hans Holbein; for which the great Lord Bolingbroke offered ten thousand pounds: this Claudius Civilis was a Batavian of royal descent, as mentioned by Tacitus, who commanded eight cohorts

of his countrymen, at that time allies to the Romans; but Vitellius, the Emperor, charged him with treason, and he narrowly escaped with his life: hence his inveterate hatred to the Romans. Under the mask of attachment to Vespasian, in the beginning of the wars between him and Vitellius, but in reality to free his countrymen from the Roman yoke, he diverted the young Batavians from enlisting under the ensigus of Vitellius; this occasioned a long war, in which Claudius acquitted himself as a consummate General; at length, in the first year of Vespasian, he was obliged to submit to Cerealis, the Roman General: on the one side an entire submission; on the other, an unreserved pardon.

The Greffir Fagel has a noble library, and a cabinet of pictures, chiefly Flemish, among which the best are the following:

Two men with birds, by Ostade.

Roman charity, by Rubens.

A man and woman, by Vanderwerff.

Horses, by Wouvermans.

Jacob's ladder, by Du Vois of the Hague.

Musicians,

Musicians, by Giorgione.
 Venus, a copy from Titian.
 Charles I. his Queen, and Charles II. by Vandyke.

The ceiling of this room is by Verrio.
 Figures from antique statues, by Terweste.
 Two landscapes, by old Gressier.
 Three beautiful landscapes highly finished, of views on the Rhine, by Sachleven.
 Semiramis, by Laireffe.

Fire-light, by Bassan.
 Moses before Pharaoh, by Laireffe.
 Landscapes, by Poussin.
 A portrait, exquisitely finished, by old Mieris.
 Landscape with cows, by Potter.
 Landscape with figures, by Van Huisum.
 Landscape, by Watteau.

Vertumnus and Pomona, by Netscher.
 Portrait, by Mengs.
 A man at study, exquisitely finished by Douw.
 Chemist, by Teniers.

Henrietta of France, by Vandyke.
 Shepherds, by Bassan.

Young woman delivering a letter to an old one,
 by Jan Steen.

Charles the Hardy, by Mich. Ang. Caravaggio.

Woman

Woman sleeping and four men, by Metzua.
Dutch family by Rontenhamer.
Another, by Ostade.
Portrait, by Hans Holbein.
Magdalen, by Vanderwerff.
St. Jerom, by Ann. Carracci.
M. Ternhoover and his lady, by old Netscher.
Other family portraits, by him and Vandyke.
One, by Sir Antonio More.
Beasts, by Berghem.
Landscapes by Vernet.

On Saturday evening we entertained ourselves with viewing the House in the Wood, a palace belonging to the Prince of Orange, situated about a mile from the Hague, at the extremity of the wood, which is chiefly of oak. This is about a mile in extent, but not above half as wide: it is the only wood in Holland, except a small one at the gates of Harlem. The house was built by Amelia, widow of Henry Frederick, the third Prince of Orange. There is nothing grand in the outward appearance, nor superb in the apartments; it was meant for a place of retirement, not for a palace. The saloon, which is the only

only good room, is of an octagonal form, with a dome painted, and a cupola, round which is a gallery for the music. This apartment is covered with paintings, admirably well done, by different hands; but Vulcan's forge, near the chimney, points out the master to be Rubens.

On each side of the saloon are the Prince and Princess's apartments, consisting of a suite of three rooms, bed-chamber, dressing room, and closet. Round the Princess's bed is a rail of Japan, inlaid with mother of pearl, which cost three thousand pounds. The doors of the dressing-room are painted with full length figures; the Japan closet is wainscoted with Japan; and there are little doors in different parts of it which slide back, and shew you some curious Chinese figures fixed in recesses of six or eight inches square.

The common dining room is full of pictures, by the Princess Anne, daughter of George II. and mother to the Prince of Orange; they are better done than might have been expected from a Princess.

The

The chimney pieces are of marble, ill executed and heavy. The garden, even in the Dutch taste, has little or no merit; but the wood is disposed in pretty walks, did not the loose sand make the walking on them intolerable.

Yesterday morning we walked down to Scheveling, a fishing village about two miles from hence. The road is cut through the Sand-hills, which appear to me to be the derelicts of the ocean. The center for carriages is nicely paved; the foot path on each side is of sand, covered with sea-shells, which answer the purpose of gravel: a double row of trees screens you totally from the sun, and gives a most agreeable gloom. This walk is a straight line, and the steeple of Scheveling closes the avenue: you do not see the sea till you are within a few yards of it, when the main ocean opens to your view. It was singular to me, who have been used to see the beach covered with gravel and rocks, to behold here nothing but sand and shells, which the sea throws up in incredible quantities. A shower of rain hastened us back again much sooner than we intended,

intended, and deprived us of the pleasure of seeing Portland Gardens, which join to the road; but we have taken advantage of the cool of the morning to walk down to those agreeable gardens; they are only half a mile from the gate that leads to Scheveling to the left of the road. There is a fine Orangerie in the form of an amphitheatre, in the center of which is a musick room. These gardens, or rather pleasure grounds, are very extensive and extremely elegant: serpentine walks, artificial hill and dale, much verdure, thickets, and many forest trees, with seats and statues well disposed, all assure you, that the master is indebted to the English, for the superiority he has gained over the miserable taste of his countrymen.

There are some Jet-D'eaus, which are childish; remnants, I suppose, of Dutch humour; for instance, as you walk over a bridge nicely paved, by turning a cock, a thousand little fountains play up through the interstices of the stones: again, at the end of one of the walks is a chair, from the seat of which springs a fountain the moment you have seated yourself, to the refreshment perhaps of your body in a warm day,

day, but to the utter demolition of your clothes.

The grotto is done in much better taste; the moment you enter it, the water flows; from the threshold in a number of little streams; and from the four corners of the grotto fountains spring through the rock-work, with force sufficient to strike the top, which fall down into large shells, in such manner, that you doubt whether the water rises from the floor, or drops from the ceiling.

As we came back, we looked into the Great Church, which has nothing remarkable in it, but the tomb of Admiral Wassenaars, Baron D'Opdam; his ship was blown up by the English, under the command of the Duke of York, in 1666. Round this church we saw many storks walking about as tame as our turkies; they are somewhat in shape like a heron; their colour is white, their wings are tipped with black; they live upon the offal of the fish market, which is near the church. I have seen numbers of them in the meadows, though they are esteemed birds of passage, and at this season they are not very common.

The

The vulgar error is, that these birds are so fond of Liberty, that they will live only in a republick; I am sure, in point of policy, they cannot live in a more desirable country, as they have fish and frogs in abundance for their food, and the utmost security for themselves, it being deemed a crime to mal-treat or kill them.

I do not recollect any thing more, that is worth relating; I have sitten till I am recovered indeed from the fatigue of my morning's walk, but am most horribly tired with writing—I am summoned to dinner—shall go to Leyden in the evening.

Adient

Hague,
Monday Noon,
7th August.

DEAR SIR,

ON Monday evening we went in the treckschuyte to Leyden with a Dutch General we had lived with at the Table d'Hôte at the Hague; the distance was only ten miles; but the whole canal being edged with summer-houses and gardens, belonging to the inhabitants of those towns, who in the summer retire to these little boxes, made the scene appear most beautiful, and the distance, nothing.

When we arrived at the inn we were recommended to, we found it filled by the French Ambassador and his train; and for want of an interpreter we wandered about the town till it was dark, and met with two or three disagreeable circumstances, which made me lament my ignorance of the Dutch language; but at length we found the Golden Ball, an English house, and with my wants vanished my desire of talking Dutch.

Leyden

Leyden is esteemed, in point of size, the second city in Holland, but its trade is now inconsiderable, which in the woollen manufactory was formerly very extensive.

The city is surrounded with a rampart and a wide canal. The Esplanade, and the Fosse, are adorned with rows of trees which environ the town, with a pleasant walk at the water's edge, from whence you look over some rich meadows. In the center of the town stands a Tumulus of considerable height, surrounded by a brick wall, from whence you have a tolerable view of the city: it is called the Burg, or Hengist's castle; was built by Hengist the Saxon, as a trophy for his conquest of England.

The most elegant street is the Broad Street, which runs from the Hague gate to the Unrecht gate: it is a little on the curve, which adds, I think, much to its beauty; the pavement is extremely fine, and the street rises in the center like the new paved streets in London: is very spacious, as indeed are most of the streets in Leyden. Among the
canals

canals the Rapinburg is the most beautiful: the houses are magnificent: the bridges of stone, with iron rails; and there are trees on each side of the canal. It is said that there are an hundred and forty-five bridges, and an hundred and eighty streets within the city of Leyden. The Old Rhine runs through this town, and loses itself in the little village of Catwick, which lies in the neighbourhood.

The university is the most renowned of the five † which are in the United Provinces, and is the most ancient, being founded in 1575 by the States as a reward to the inhabitants for defending themselves against the Spaniards during a six months siege; in which they suffered all the horrors of war, and extremities of famine.

The Academy abounds with many curiosities: it is there the professors read lectures to the students who lodge in the town, and

† The five Universities are, A.D.

1 Leyden in Holland 1575.

2 Utrecht 1636.

3 Franeker in Friesland 1584.

4 Groningen 1614.

5 Harderwick in Guelderland 1648.

are

are not distinguished by any academical habit. It is there that the learned Scaliger, Lipsius, Salmesius and Boerhaave, gained so much reputation by their lectures, and brought students from all parts of Europe to attend them.

The Botanic Garden has always been one of the most respectable in Europe, both on account of the famous professors who have presided over it, and the number of curious exotics growing in it, as may be seen in Boerhaave's and Van Royen's catalogues. It is nicely arranged, and kept in excellent order.

On one side of these gardens is a very curious collection of antique marbles, given by Gerard Papenbrochius, a Burgomaster of Amsterdam. I cannot omit mentioning the statues of Hercules, of Bacchus leaning on a fawn attended by a tyger, of an Abundantia as big as the life, and of a naked Apollo; all which have especial merit.

Adjoining to the statues is the Natural Philosophy School, in which the lectures are read: you will find in it a good collection of natural curiosities:

curiosities: some very fine petrifications; in particular, a piece of oak, one side of which has been polished, and vies both in hardness and colour with an agate. Some curious pieces of crystal, formed by nature to an apex, with six angles, as exact and as finely polished as the production of art. A fish called the Medusa's head, from a thousand little fibres starting out from its body in a circle like twisted rays: this, in itself, is very curious; but the exact representation of it in a natural agate much more so.

But I think one of the greatest curiosities was the asbestos from Transylvania: it is a stone with a soft down on it like velvet, of a dove colour; of this is made both paper and linen; we saw samples of both: the very peculiar property of it is, that fire has no effect on it for it still continues its form unchanged, and unconsumed.

Among the beasts was an ermin, about the size and shape of a weasel: this little animal is so fearful of dirtying its skin, that it will sooner lose its liberty than its cleanliness.

D

There

There was a kind of toad, which brings forth its young from its back: on observing it, we perceived infinite numbers of young toads adhering to the back, which appeared like the broken scales of a fish.

The toad fish from America is an extraordinary creature; it is for the first six months a toad, then changes by degrees into a fish: this had half completed its transformation, having the tail of a fish, with the head and fore parts of a toad.

The Penna Marina belongs to the animal species: it is the production of the ocean; looks like a plant; and is nothing more than a stem of about two inches long, with a kind of feather at the end of it, not unlike a quill with part of the feather cut off.

Among the feathered race, the most curious was the Hydrocorax Indicus; the only one in Europe; larger than a turkey — black, Rostro unicorni, cornu recurvo — if I may express myself in the technical terms of Ornithology.

The Casuarina is likewise black, and in size equal to an ostrich.

There was an immense beast, called the Hippopotamus, as large as an elephant, its colour black; with a row of grinders in the interior part of its mouth, besides a good number in front.

From the Academy you cross the Rapin-bury to the Public Library; there are some valuable portraits of their literati; in particular, an original of Erasmus, by Hans Holbein. They have done us the honour to give place in their library to the Sçavans Anglois, in busts of ivory.

I was a little surpris'd to see among my learned countrymen, Maryel and Ludlow; none but Dutchmen could have introduced them into the company of Locke and Milton. There are vast piles of civil law, and a considerable number of manuscripts; but these excepted, it can be called but an indifferent collection. Near to the library is the Anatomy School, in which are many curiosities; some Roman antiques, such as an Urna feralis,

lis, in red potter's clay, the same as our earthen utensils: a Lucerna Sepulchralis, which was the perpetual lamp used by the Romans: it is made with four spouts, and rises up in the middle in a conical form.

There was the egg of a crocodile, which is of a brown colour and of hard substance; the inside looked like cedar wood.

From the Anatomy School we went to the Stadt-house, which is situated in the Broad-Street, and has a long front, in the true style of Dutch architecture. The famous picture of the Day of Judgment, by Luke of Leyden, * is preserved in one of the chambers of the Stadt-house: it is painted on wood, in three compartments, which by the help of hinges, fold together and protect the piece.

In the grand compartment, you see our Saviour enthroned on the centre of a rainbow,

* Lucas van Leyden died in 1533, aged 39; he painted not only in oil, but in distemper, and on glass, and was full as eminent for engraving as for painting. His genius exerted itself so early, that before he was 15 he painted the history of St. Hubert, which procured him the greatest applause: his tone of colouring is good,

the extremities of which lose themselves imperceptibly in the clouds; the twelve elders are seated on each side; below, there is a group of mortals who have not received judgment, which you may easily discern by the suspense and anxiety so strongly impressed on their countenances. On one side of this group you see those who have received the reward of their virtue, escorted by the good angels, who are flying into the heavens with the just. On the other side are some of the oddest looking devils that the most luxuriant imagination can conceive; especially one with the head of a cow, and with two long meagre dugs hanging down to the middle—It is impossible to behold this fiend without horror. These are employed in dragging away the condemned, by the hair of the head, and pushing them forward with pitch-forks. I am concern-

D 3 ed

good, his attitudes (allowing for the stiff German taste) are well enough, his figures have a considerable expression, and his pictures are highly finished. He endeavoured to proportion the strength of his colouring to the different degrees of distance in which his objects were placed; for in that age the true principles of perspective were but little known. As he had no instructor in this branch, he was consequently incorrect, with regard to the proportional height of his figures to their distances, so as to appear a mannerist.

ed for the ladies, but I could not help observing among those who were howling and gnashing their teeth, a vast majority of female figures, with golden tresses flowing down their backs; some of whom had not so far forgot their humanity, but that they attempted to impose even on the devils, by eluding their grasp, and running back towards the mansions of the blessed.

In the next apartment is a crucifixion by the same hand: here you see our Saviour on the cross, the two thieves on each side, and a thousand distinct figures in which the passions are finely varied: prostrate at the foot of the cross were vast numbers of the fair sex, in all the pageantry of woe, with their hair dishevelled, and their eyes streaming with tears; but I doubt that they were crocodiles tears, or I should not have seen such numbers guarded by devils in the other picture.

In this room is a fine piece, by Moor, of the first Brutus seeing his judgment executed on his sons; one of which lies a lifeless trunk, the head rolling in the dust; the other

other son is on his knees expecting the fatal stroke. There is likewise a tolerable picture of the well known story of Scipio and the Celerian captive; and a large picture which describes the people of Leyden, after being relieved from the Spaniards and the famine, devouring, with well-executed eagerness, the long-wanted food.

As Leyden consists chiefly of people in trade, which is at present greatly on the decline, you may suppose the town to be, what in fact it was, extremely dull; we therefore left it on Wednesday morning, and proceeded on the canal to Harlem.

The Veens or Turf-Pits may be seen from thence, of which the greatest part appear to be full of water, and little likely to be productive of fuel; notwithstanding four hundred thousand people, who inhabit the three neighbouring cities, are supplied from them.

This was but a dull voyage, the Sand-hills lying on the left, and Harlem-meer on the right, which is a lake about fourteen miles

in length, and of equal breadth; it lies between Leyden, Harlem, and Amsterdam, is navigable, * but subject to storms, and some melancholy accidents have happened on it; which occasioned the canals to be made from Leyden to Amsterdam, a much longer passage; but the safety of it induces most travellers to prefer the more tedious method, especially as you then pass through Harlem, which is a large city, containing, agreeable to the computation in 1732, between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants. It differs so little from the other towns I have seen, that I need only mention the church, which is the largest in Holland, and adorned with an organ, † which is infinitely superior to any thing of the kind in Europe. It was made by Christian Muller of Harlem, and erected in 1738; it

* The King of Bohemia having been dethroned, and driven out of the Palatinate by the Emperor, took sanctuary in Holland; in November 1620, as he was passing over the lake, the evening came on, and the weather tempestuous, when a boat ran foul of his, and immediately sunk it, the King saved his life by swimming, but his eldest son was drowned.

† It plays on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from noon till one o'clock. At other times you must give a ducat to the organist, and half a crown to the blower of the bellows.

it consists of eight thousand pipes, the largest are thirty-eight feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter; there are sixty eight stops, of which the most wonderful is the Vox Humana, so exactly imitative of the human voice, both in the base, tenor, and treble, that it was some time before I could persuade myself that I was not imposed on by real voices: there were other pipes, which were equally wonderful in the notes of different birds: and the kettle-drum stop was beyond all imagination. Opposite to this church, lives a bookseller, who very civilly shewed us the first, second, and third essays of Laurence Costar, the inventor of printing.

The first is on a narrow leaf of parchment, in duodecimo: the second attempt was on paper, in octavo: the third likewise is on paper, in quarto, in which he brought it to a tolerable degree of perfection. It is printed only on one side, with a print at top from a wooden impression, of equal merit with those which ornament our English ballads.

Laurence Costar was an Alderman of Harlem; * and in 1440, it is said, the hit upon this invention, as he was walking in the wood near Harlem, by cutting the bark of beech trees into letters, and then stamping them upon paper, as a seal.

He soon changed these for leaden letters, and these afterwards into pewter, and erected a printing office in his own house; but while he was at church with his family, John Faust, his servant, stole the printing materials, and carried them to Mentz; where he pretended that he had invented the art, from whence he acquired the title of Dr. Faustus, the conjuror of Mentz. The most useful improvement in this art was made by John Mentel, who discovered the method of casting letters. Aldus Manutius, the famous Venetian printer, soon after found out the Italic characters,

* Philip, Peter, and John Wouwermans were born at this place: the two latter copied the manner, but were far inferior to Philip, who was infinitely beyond all his contemporaries. His chief subjects were hunting, hawking, encampments of armies, farriers shops, and all kind of scenes which afforded him a proper opportunity of introducing horses, which he painted to the greatest perfection.

and was the first who printed in Greek and Hebrew.

In a street adjacent to the other end of the church, is a house belonging I believe to the city, in which are some few good pictures, which formerly hung in the palace of Count Florence the Fifth; especially three by Cornelius of Harlem: Herod killing the Innocents, by Francis Hals; the Feast of the Gods, in which the sole of Vulcan's foot will strike you; the other is a Friar and Nun, but much damaged by the damp.

There is an excellent piece of a Dutch Girl, in the style of a peasant, by Hemskirk; with an archness in her look, that never Dutch woman I believe was blessed with.

The Spaniards, commanded by the Son of the Duke of Alva, besieged this place in 1573; which being reduced to the greatest extremities, after a desperate defence for ten months, was forced to surrender, and two thousand of the inhabitants were basely massacred, contrary to the terms of capitulation.

The trade of Harlem consists chiefly in bleaching of linen, and in tapes and thread. The holland and cambrick make in Flanders, and great quantities of fine Irish are sent there to be whitened; the slimy water of the Meer being acknowledged superior to any water upon earth for bleacheries. They have likewise considerable manufactories in velvet and silk, which they vend chiefly at Leipfick and Hamburg. We only staid to dine at Harlem; in the evening we proceeded in the treckschuyte to Amsterdam. About mid-way we were obliged to change boats, and pass over the sluices, which are of an enormous size. On the right lies Harlem-meer; the rivier Y washes the left. It is five miles from this place to Amsterdam, and the canal that whole distance is as straight as a line, but the banks are not built on as the canals from Rotterdam to the Hague and Leyden; which is owing to want of room, the lake and the river being too near.

It is curious to observe the water of the Y, four or five feet higher than the adjacent country; but in fact, almost every canal has
the

the water raised above the meadows. — When we landed at Amsterdam, we found common fame to be no liar, in respect to the insufferable stench arising from the canals and common sewers.

Amsterdam is situated on the river Amstel, * and an arm of the sea, called the Y, at the mouth of the Zuyder-sea, and is built in the form of a crescent. It is fortified with a fosse of great depth and width, with a rampart of earth faced with brick, strengthened with twenty-six bastions; in each of which stands a wind-mill, ornamented with eight magnificent gates of free-stone, built either in a semi circular or octagonal shape: in all the chief streets are canals shaded with trees, the grandest of which is the Heere graft, or canal of Lords; this is the place of residence for the bankers and chief merchants; for here every one is in trade: the few nobles of Holland reside always at the Hague. Those streets in which

* Over the Amstel, which enters at the Utrecht gate, is thrown a bridge of eleven arches, eight of which are shut to inclose the yachts belonging to the city. This bridge is much admired by the natives; in my opinion it is a very paltry piece of architecture, the arches being very high and narrow.

which there are no canals, are vilely narrow. The Nefs, in which we live, I had the curiosity to measure, and it is only sixteen feet wide: the houses are lofty, and the bridges are chiefly of stone.

The squares are neither spacious nor elegant; the dam is the largest, in which the Stadt-house is situated, but it is irregular, and vilely disfigured by a weighing house — the others no more deserve the name of squares, than Clare-Market, or Palace-Yard, Westminster.

This populous city contained twenty six thousand and thirty five houses in 1732, and is supposed, according to the best calculation, to contain at present, two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, * though it was at the beginning of the thirteenth century, an inconsiderable fishing village on the edge of a morass, which is now covered with buildings, erected

* Paris is said to contain five hundred thousand, and London seven hundred thousand inhabitants. The number of inhabitants in Holland are twelve hundred thousand; in England are computed to be nine millions, in France eighteen millions, and in Germany twenty millions of souls.

erected upon piles of timber, driven into the earth, at immense labour and expence: for the foundation only of one tower six thousand trees were rammed into the ground. Notwithstanding these precautions, the magistrates are so apprehensive of the foundations, that very few coaches are licensed. The carriage in general are fixed on sledges, drawn by one horse, the driver attending on foot.

There are fifteen churches of the established, that is the Calvinist religion; which are served by thirty ministers, equal in authority and revenue: they are allowed two hundred and forty pounds per year each, which is paid by the city.

The most stupendous undertaking in this city, is the Stadt-house, which you enter by seven small gates, parallel to each other, instead of one magnificent portal, equal to a front which extends itself two hundred and eighty two feet, whose height is one hundred and sixteen, and the breadth two hundred and thirty two feet. The building is of stone,
with

with pillars of the Corinthian order: it is erected on thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty nine piles of timber, and was finished in 1655: on the top is a statue of Atlas in brass, bearing on his shoulders a copper globe, said to be larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome; and on the center is a cupola, from whence is an extensive view of the city and its environs. The piles cost one hundred thousand pounds — the whole expence was computed at two millions. Versailles cost only eight hundred thousand pounds — the Escorial, one million; and St. Paul's one million five hundred thousand pounds. "It is upon record, that St. Peter's at Rome, with all that is contained in it, has cost near thirteen millions sterling."

The cornices of the rooms are finely carved, the floors laid with marble, and the sides of the apartments lined either with marble or valuable paintings. Over the doors and chimney pieces are several historical pieces in basso relievo, inimitably executed in Italian marble: and there are some deceptions in a kind of grey painting, to imitate basso relievo, (especially of

of some children) by De-Wit, so finely touched, that the most critical eye at half the distance of the room would be deceived.

A large piece, by Vanderhelst, is deservedly esteemed; it is a feast given to the Spanish Ambassador, by the Burgomasters of Amsterdam, on the making peace between the two countries in 1648. But the best piece is by Vandyke, which represents an entertainment, where you see the portraits of all the considerable persons of the city; an old grey haired man is so much admired in this wonderful picture, that seven thousand guilders were offered to cut out the head.

The Stadt-house is admirably contrived for public utility: here is the Bank, supposed to be the richest in Europe; here are the courts of justice, the prisons for criminals and debtors, the chambers of the Senate, the Treasury, the magazine of arms, and, in short, all the public offices; with eight large cisterns of water on the top, with pipes to every room to extinguish fires. The citizens halle is the grandest,

est, being one hundred and twenty feet by fifty seven, and ninety feet high; it is paved with marble, in which are stained the terrestrial and celestial globes; the sides, the roof, and the pillars are all of marble; but there always is a something wanting — there is not light enough to admire with accuracy the wonderful magnificence of this apartment.

From the Stadt-house you cross the Dam to the Exchange, which is not to be compared with Rotterdam in beauty, nor to our Royal Exchange in size. The building is of brick, and at full change, if appearances may be relied on, was crowded with the most black-guard fellows on the face of the earth. In the afternoon I paid a second visit to the Exchange, to see the city militia perform their exercise; to which every man is subject, unless he makes a pecuniary compensation; those therefore who from their poverty cannot, or from their avarice will not pay the fine, are obliged to serve. Here penury and parsimony were collected together in such various habits (for they have no regular uniform) as to make the most

most ludicrous group imagination can suggest. A giant and a dwarf, a Falstaff and a Slender, a bob wig and a shock head of hair, in coats of all the colours of the rainbow, joined most heterogeneously together to compose a rank, in which every man followed his own invention in as many different attitudes and manœuvres as there were men to make them.

In the evening we went to the theatre, which, like all play-houses, our own excepted, is dark, long, and small; the pit is excellent, having seats with low backs, and marked with numbers, to distinguish the seat of each person, by which, both crowding and disputes are prevented: this is the only house I ever saw abroad, in which there are seats in the pit, or *parterre*, as it is called. It is under the control and direction of the city: the magistrates receive the money, defray the charges, and pay the actors; the residue is applied to the maintenance of the poor, and to the support of the different hospitals.

Every rope-dancer, puppet-player, as well as all others who pretend to entertain the public,

lic, are obliged to contribute one third of their profits towards the maintenance of the poor.

On Friday we looked into the Rasp-house, which is a prison for criminals, as well as for children who are profligate and disobedient; the former are confined in a small room, chained to a block, and spend their whole time in sawing or *rasping* Brazil wood, or in other work equally laborious. I was shocked at the sight of so many of my species, naked to the waist, worn out with labour, pale with confinement, and emaciated by want. Yet how much wiser this method than the English law, which, for thirteen pence, deprives a man of life, and the king of a subject; whom the Dutch shew us may be made useful to the public!

From thence we went to the Spin-house, for the correction, but not, I think, to the amendment of loose women, as every one is permitted to see and converse with them through the rails, which can only harden them in impudence.

We

We walked into the New Church, to see a burial: in this nation of industry time is too precious to be complimented away on the dead, who can make them no return, therefore the ceremony of prayers is laid aside as superfluous; the coffin is put instantly into the grave, which is immediately filled up; the relations bow, and return to their avocations. The organ in this church is inferior only to the organ at Harlem. The partition, which divides the chancel from the nave, is of Corinthian brass. The sounding board over the pulpit is justly admired for the inimitable carving with which it is ornamented.

From thence we proceeded to the Admiralty and Dock-yard, which are situated at the extremity of the quay. The Admiralty forms three sides of a square, in the middle of which is the yard for building of the men of war; the fourth side is open to the water. Here is not an appearance to be feared by the English, though much to be admired for the excellent order in which the arms and stores are disposed.

Among the number of hospitals in this city,
the

the Gast-house for the sick is the most worthy a stranger's visiting; it is an elegant stone quadrangle, at the end of which are some neat little shops for toys, lace, &c. The revenue of this hospital is computed at eight thousand pounds sterling a year, a large sum; but the General Hospital, for men, at Madrid, contains one thousand five hundred iron beds, and its revenue amounts to forty thousand doubloons, about thirty thousand pounds sterling.

There is an hospital where all poor travellers without distinction are lodged and entertained for three nights, and no longer.

It is computed that twenty thousand souls are maintained in the different hospitals, which are either endowed or supported out of the public revenue, assisted by the contributions of the charitable; for which purpose, men belonging to the hospitals go twice a week to every house begging for alms.

After supper we amused ourselves at a Mufico, which is a licensed brothel. You enter a large room upon the payment of a guilder, for which you have wine, music, and tobacco; there you see girls of all sorts and nations, who

do

do not live in the house, neither are any flagrant indecencies permitted: if you choose to retire with a lady to her lodgings, there is no law to restrain or to punish you. It is as morally evil to license fornication, as it is politically so to shut up for life women who have shewn themselves willing to become fruitful members of society.

We found the women equally ugly, impudent, and disgusting; we soon, therefore, retired unhurt by the smiles of the harlots, or the snicks-and-sneers of the sailors, which they are ready with, if a man is unfortunate enough to pitch upon a girl who is the favourite of one of these savages.

This morning (Saturday) we went to the Portuguese Synagogue, which is a large spacious building filled with a numerous congregation; the women sit together in a gallery, with lattices before them; the men sit below on benches with *Tawlis** on, which they throw over their shoulders; and I declare, at first sight I took the whole assembly for old clothes-men, with their bags over their arms.

* The *Tawlis* is a kind of veil, generally thrown over the shoulders, sometimes over the face.

From

From thence we hurried down to the Quay, where we had a vessel ready for us, and sailed with a fair wind over the Y, to Sardam *, a village in North Holland, famous for ship building and windmills, which latter seem so be innumerable. Had Don Quixote, in his travels, touched at Sardam, he would have found there adventures for life, without searching for other conquests. The first mill we visited was a saw mill, by which forty boards can be sawed at the same time. The flies of the mill are fixed to a large beam, which turns on an axle; in the center of this beam is the grand wheel, which puts in motion another immediately below it, this is likewise fixed on the middle of a piece of timber, which hangs on an axle, and to which four perpendicular saws, ten in each compartment, are fixed; which, as the wheel goes round, are elevated, and again thrust down: at the end of this beam are two iron hooks, which catch a

* In the church is a picture remarkable not for the goodness of the painting, but for the extraordinary fact it is intended to perpetuate. A woman was tossed by a bull, when big with child, and gored in the belly with his horn; the moment she fell to the ground she was delivered of a son,—they both survived, as did the husband, who was tossed in coming to her assistance.

wheel, and each time the saws go up and down, it moves this wheel one cog, that wheel moves another, which catches into a piece of iron, and draws it towards itself: at the end of this iron is a cross bar, which presses against the end of the tree, while the other end is sawing, and pushes it on to the teeth of the saw, with a motion proportionate to the dispatch of the saws.

From the saw-mill we walked to a paper-mill, and observed the whole process, from the cutting rags to the cleansing them in a wheel with a constant succession of fresh water, which makes it into a pulp; a mould with wire at top and wood at bottom is dipped in, on taking it out the wire top slips off, a piece of flannel is laid on the paper, which the next moment is portable and hung out to dry, the flaws being first picked out, which is the business of the women and children; the last process is to press it.

From thence we passed to a tobacco-mill, in which is a large trough full of the leaf: ~~ten~~ or twelve perpendicular pieces of timber, with choppers fixed to one end and cogs to the other,
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which catch in a wheel as it turns, by which they are lifted up, fall by their own weight, and chop the tobacco small; it is then laid on a stone table, on which move two immense stones, one within the other, the first spreads it, a machine of wood follows and collects it into a row, which a piece of iron comes after, and divides into a furrow, wide enough for the pressure of the other stone; all these move at the same time, and turn on the same axle.

The oil-mill for rape-seed, &c. is on the same principles, to bruise them into powder, which is then put into a pan over the fire for a moment, from thence into little bags, two of which are put into a press, one at each end, which are pressed by a wedge in the middle, and force the oil into vases below; the bags are then slipped off, and the dust remains a hard cake, with which they feed the cattle.

From Sardam we sailed back to Buiksloot, a little village in North Holland, opposite to Amsterdam.

A singular custom is retained in North Holland

land of having a door in every house which is never opened but when a corpse is carried out, which must be brought through that door, and no other. I think there is something uncommonly solemn in it, and such a door in every house would be an admirable memento to the family. The head dress of the women is very extraordinary, they have a little hair cut very short and thin, which is combed down on the forehead and powdered. The cap sticks close to their ears, under which are two little pieces of silver or gold, which appear at each temple, and a large piece like a broad ribbon is under the cap on the back part of the head.

From thence we took a waggon to Broek, about six miles distance, the most picturesque village perhaps in the world. It is chiefly inhabited by bankers and insurers. The houses are of fluted boards painted in different colours, agreeable to the taste of the respective owners. The roofs are of glazed tiles, and the gardens, which are before every door, are laid out in parterres of various forms and colours, by the assistance of shells, pieces of brick, marbles, glass beads,

beads, &c. a few trees are planted before every house at the extremity of these little gardens, which are cut into form.

The art of gardening must have improved very slowly in North Holland, for so far back as in James the First's time Lord Bacon ridiculed this false taste: "As for the making of knots of
" figures," says he, "with divers coloured
" earths, that they may be under the windows
" of the house, they be but toys; you may
" see as good sights many times in carts.

The streets are paved with brick, on which neither carriages nor cattle are suffered, and they are as clean as a lady's drawing room. Nothing can be conceived neater than that beautiful little place, nor more extravagant than the charges at the inn. Some boiled perch, and three bottles of Rhenish, which is about tenpence a bottle, cost us a Guinea. We returned to Buikslot to our vessel, and as the wind slackened, we narrowly escaped lying out all night in an open boat, for towards the side of the harbour the city is enclosed with great piles driven into the ground, joined by large beams placed

placed horizontally, with openings to let the vessels in and out, which is done without the least confusion: these openings are shut every evening at the ringing of a bell, and we were so near being too late as to touch the beam with the side of our boat, as it was closing the harbour. I am fatigued with the excursion I have made; I have written till my candles are almost out, as well as my eyes; I must rise early, as we go to Utrecht in the morning, therefore I must bid you.

Adieu!

Amsterdam.

E 3

DEAR

In the Utrecht Treckschuyte.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Amsterdam at seven this morning, and have, for the first time, found a treckschuyte disagreeable, but as it is probably the last I shall ever meet with, a few unpleasant hours must not be regarded.

We unluckily could not get the roof, and as it rains hard we cannot walk upon the top, we therefore have no other alternative, than to sit in the body of the boat with upwards of twenty persons of both sexes, from whose mouths nothing has hitherto issued but volumes of tobacco smoke, which has made my friend sick and me sulky. I wish to beguile the time by writing, but I gave you so long an account of Amsterdam last night, that I have nothing more to add. Observations you cannot expect from a man whose furlough is so short, that he is obliged to go post through the country. Such an excursion, however pleasing to the eye, cannot give much improvement to the mind. In little more than a fortnight

fortnight I have made the tour of the whole Province of Holland, visited every town (except Dort and Tergow, which, on inquiry, I find not worth notice*), and have suffered nothing curious to escape me: my head, therefore, at present is a confused medley of dykes and pictures, churches and canals, bridges and stadthouses, but a void in respect to the customs, police, and manners of the people, the only useful knowledge to be acquired by travelling.

I have seen enough to confirm me in the justness of Sir William Temple's opinion, who, in speaking of Holland, if my memory misleads me not, says, "That it is a country where the earth

* At Tergow or Gouda, the painted windows in the church are many of them exquisitely beautiful; they represent scripture histories mixed with monkish legends. They were executed during the latter half of the sixteenth century.

At Dort, the great church is in the old plain architecture, but handsome within: in the chancel is some fine old carving on wood, much defaced; one side represents the triumph of the mass, and the other a Roman triumph. The pulpit is of marble, adorned with three excellent bas-reliefs, representing our Saviour's baptism, his discourse with the doctors, and his preaching on the mount; and with four emblematical figures. The great room in which the famous synod was held remains still in its original state. You may go by water from Rotterdam to Dort, and thence cross Holland's Deep to Breda.

is better than the air, and profit more in request than honour; where there is more sense than wit, more good-nature than good-humour, and more wealth than pleasure. Where a man would choose rather to travel than to live; shall find more things to observe than desire; and more persons to esteem, than to love."

There are some regulations in the police of Amsterdam, which would be well worthy of imitation in London; you never meet a watchman alone, two always walk together; by which means they add strength as well as give courage to each other. Many a house is broke open in London, and many a sober citizen knocked down in the presence of a watchman, who either from fear or knavery suffers the villains to escape.

There is another admirable custom to prevent the spreading of fire, by giving almost an immediate alarm. On the tops of four churches, situated at four different quarters of the city, watchmen are fixed during the night, who are obliged to sound a trumpet every half hour, as a signal of their being awake and on their duty.

On

On the breaking out of a fire they ring the alarm bell, which calls their brethren to the spot in a moment. Of what service would a plan something similar to this be in our metropolis!

There are few general conveniences which carry not a mischief along with them; canals, for instance, are great ornaments to the streets, and of infinite use to the inhabitants; but the mischief is, that many an honest man loses his life in Amsterdam, who in London would only lose his money, for the villains first rob him and then push him into the canal, to prevent his telling tales, thus charitably easing him of his money, lest the weight of it should sink him.

I believe I have already mentioned the neatness of the people, but in this they have no merit, for the neatness of their houses and cleanliness of their towns proceed from necessity; such is the moisture of the air, that were it not for these customs, pestilential diseases would be the consequence, which, careful as they are, now

often happen. This perpetual dampness in the atmosphere rusts metals and moulds wood, which obliges the inhabitants, not from a principle of neatness, but of œconomy, by scouring the one and painting the other, to seek a prevention or a cure: hence arises the neatness, which by people who judge only by appearances, is called *natural*; but indeed most national customs are the effects of unobserved causes and necessities. In this country the mind is perpetually struck with wonder and admiration: if mathematicians are to be credited, on the measure of the two elements, they found the sea, even in a calm, above half a foot higher than the land; the waves are checked by an infinity of sand-hills, which lie along the coast; add to this natural defence, a dyke of twenty feet high, twenty-five feet broad at bottom, and about ten at top, running parallel to the high-water mark; this is made of clay, strengthened towards the land with planks and stone, towards the water with rushes, sea-weed, and flags staked down, which give way to the force of the waves, and resume their place again, when they retire. Goldsmith has drawn a very
4 elegant

elegant picture of this country in his admirable poem of the Traveller.

- " While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
- " Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
- " The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
- " The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
- " The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
- " A new creation rescued from his reign."

It is wonderful, that in a country without a stone or a pebble, there should be stone edifices the most magnificent: without forests, or an oak-tree (two little woods excepted) the Dutch navy is the second in the world; without arable land, they supply half Europe with corn, and with a tract of country, scarce larger than an English county, they can raise men and money to make themselves of importance in the eyes of the first power in Christendom.

Facts so extraordinary require explanation; I must beg you, therefore, to recollect, that this state was founded on Liberty and Religion; was reared by Industry and Oeconomy, and has flourished by its situation and commerce. The

bigoted maxims of Philip II. the introduction of the Inquisition, and the erecting fourteen new bishopricks in the Low Countries, the unrelenting rigour of the Cardinal Granvelle, and the succeeding cruelty of the Duke of Alva, together with the Council of Twelve, called the Council of Blood, and the execution of Count Egmont and Horn, were the causes which drove the people to throw off the yoke, and gave rise to the union of Utrecht. Persevering valour, joined to the political assistance of other powers, has been the means of preserving their independence, while the decline of the Venetian navy has made them the common carriers of Europe, and the wars in Flanders and situation of Holland have conspired to render Amsterdam the seat of universal commerce.

Till the beginning of the sixteenth century Venice by its shipping, and Florence by its manufactories, possessed the whole trade of Europe, Persia, and the Indies; but the discovery of a passage to the East, by the Cape of Good-Hope, and the settlements of the Portuguese in India, proved fatal to the republic of Venice; Lisbon

then

then became the staple of the trade to the East-Indies, and the Easterlings who inhabited the Hans Towns were the great merchants of the North—They brought commerce first to Bruges, and from thence to Antwerp, which the revolt of the Netherlands drew afterwards to Holland. The Dutch likewise, by their success against the Portuguese in India, and by their treaties with the natives, in process of time drew the whole trade of India from Lisbon.

Their country is most admirably situated for the trade of the Baltic, which includes Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and the North coast of Germany, while they send merchandise into the interior parts of the Empire and the Austrian Netherlands, by the Rhine, Maes, and Scheld. You must likewise consider, that each town values itself upon some particular branch of trade, by which it is improved to the utmost; as for instance, Delft for the Dutch porcelain; Sardam for ship-building; Rotterdam for the Scotch and English trade; Amsterdam for that of the Streights, Spain, and the East-Indies, and the whole Province for the Herring Fishery, which supplies the southern parts

of

of Europe. Thus you see the greatness of this country has arisen from a wonderful concurrence of circumstances; from a long course of time; from the confluence of strangers, driven either by persecution, or invited by the credit of their government; from the cheapness of carriage by the convenience of the canals; from the low interest of money and dearness of land, which consequently turn specie into trade; from particular traffic carried on at particular places; from their intense application to their navy; from the vast nurseries for their sailors, and from their amazing acquisitions in the East-Indies: all these circumstances have conspired to make this little republic the envy and admiration of the world.

Adieu!

DEAR

Utrecht.

DEAR SIR,

WE landed at Utrecht yesterday about three o'clock, and a fine evening in some measure compensated for a rainy morning. This place is the capital of the province, situated on the channel of the old Rhine, called by the Latin writers, Trajectum ad Rhenum, thirty miles south-east of Amsterdam, and twenty-five north-east of Rotterdam. It is undoubtedly a most elegant town, but without any public building to attract a stranger's notice. It is larger than the Hague, and is fortified with a rampart, but untenable for an hour against a regular attack: in 1673 Louis XIV. entered the town with his army without a shot being fired; kept possession of it upwards of a twelvemonth, and raised two hundred thousand pounds from the inhabitants by way of contribution; in return for their complaisance, Louis ordered his soldiers to spare the Mall, which is the finest in Europe. It is situated without the walls, is three quarters

quarters of a mile in length, and has a triple row of trees on each side of the grand walk. You pass through a noble stone gate which leads to the Mall, and through a row of trees on the bank of the canal, which encompasses the city. From the Mall we mounted the Dome, a tower belonging to the cathedral now in ruins, which you ascend by four hundred and sixty steps; from this height is a vast prospect commanding fifty walled towns with the naked eye.

The Oude-Graaft (the old canal) is very spacious and crowded with small. The Nieuwe-Graaft is inhabited by the noblesse—these three streets lie parallel to each other, and are the finest both in point of extent, as well as in the grandeur of the houses. In the center of the city is a pleasant grove of trees, called St. John's grove, from the church which it surrounds.

Without the Amsterdam gate is a garden well worthy notice; it belongs at present to a widow lady; it was made by a silk merchant at a vast expence; there are two costly grottos and

and some excellent statues and vases by Jacob Crescant, made in 1738, which are remarkable for the boldness of the basso relievo: Esther and Ahasuerus, Esther and Haman, David and Abigail, David and Saul in the cave of Engedi, are the stories of the relief.

There is a very considerable kermis or fair here, in the month of July: the great church is then filled with rows of booths, in which all sorts of millinery, haberdashers wares and trinkets are sold. I had no idea where I was, till I looked up, and saw the black escutcheons covering the walls.

The city has been rendered famous in history by the union of the seven provinces in 1579, whose deputies met here, and framed that alliance, which was the original constitution of the United Provinces, and which was ever after called the Union of Utrecht—a place that will be ever odious to an Englishman, from the ignominious treaty in 1713, called the Barrier Treaty, by which Louis XIV. was suffered to retain in his adversity, the same advantages which he had reaped from the Treaty of Ryswick.

wick in the zenith of his power; by which all the trading part of England were justly exasperated. For by the treaty of commerce, no higher customs were to be exacted from the commodities of France, than from those of any other country, which in the end must have ruined our trade with Portugal, at that time the most advantageous to Great-Britain.

Pope Adrian VI. has added dignity to Utrecht by claiming it as the place of his birth; the humblest, the worthiest pontiff that ever graced the Roman see. He was an ecclesiastic of mean family and no interest, but esteemed highly for his learning, which induced the emperor Maximilian to appoint him preceptor to his grandson Charles V. He afterwards was regent of Spain; and by the intrigues of the imperial ambassador, upon the death of Leo X. was elected pope; though unacquainted with the manners of the people or the interests of the state, and unknown to the persons who gave their suffrages in his favour.

His epitaph written by himself shews the temper and disposition of the man.

“ Adrianus

"Adrianus sextus hic situs est, qui nihil
 "sibi infelicius in via duxit, quam quod
 "imperavit."

But I am writting a letter, not a history
 therefore lest you should accuse me of pedan-
 try, I will instantly conclude myself,

Sincerely yours.

DEAR

Breda.

DEAR SIR,

I Wrote to you yesterday morning from Utrecht, which we left early; our mode of travelling is now changed in all respects for the worse. This is not the country to go post in; for we were obliged to hire a coach and four from Utrecht to convey us to Breda; the distance is only forty-two miles; notwithstanding which, we were eleven hours on the road, and paid five pounds sterling for this tedious miserable conveyance. The country for the first twelve miles was rich and fruitful, and extremely pleasing to the eye; but when we passed the Rhine, over which we were ferried, the prospect grew less agreeable, till we arrived at Gorcum, about twenty-four miles from Breda.

Gorcum is a small town, surrounded with a rampart and a canal; the rampart is clothed with a fine verdure, and shaded with a double row of trees which make the walk delightful.

I saw

I saw nothing worthy a moment's notice, except a line over an alms-house, which breathed good christian charity in true monkish verse.

"Da tua, dum tua sunt, post mortem, tunc tua, non sunt."

Neither did I observe much appearance of trade, which seems to me extraordinary, as the Rhine runs so near, and the Maes washes the town. The passage over it in a ferry-boat with a sail, is rather unpleasant; the distance I cannot judge of, but we were above a quarter of an hour going over with a fair wind, which blowed rather too fresh for such a conveyance.

The country on this side of the Maes looked very dreary; wide, uncultivated commons and heavy sands were all our prospect. On one of these commons, not far from Breda, the Prince of Orange had lately an encampment of ten thousand men, which he reviewed in person. A few stakes and some fods of earth lay scattered over different parts of the common; which we were told had been

forti-

fortifications at the grand review; they seemed to be counterparts of our infantile amusements on Blackheath and Wimbledon. We arrived here last night in time to take a little walk, while our dinner was preparing, for we had neither time nor accommodations to dine on the road; therefore we accumulated two meals by dining at ten o'clock at night. We were stopt at the gate on our entrance, by an officer who demanded our names, quality, &c. the first compliment of that kind we have been troubled with, since our landing on the continent; but the guards are ordered to let no stranger enter without being interrogated.

Breda * is the capital of Dutch Brabant, and is under the dominion of the States General of the United Provinces; but it sends no deputies, neither is it under the control of any separate province, but under the jurisdiction

* At this place the treaty between Charles II. Louis XIV. and the States General was concluded in the year 1667. A treaty inglorious to England, which concluded a war, wherein the two royal brothers were the only gainers; the king by pocketing the supplies granted by the commons for carrying on the war, and the duke of York by the present he had received from the parliament.

tion of the whole. The established religion is the reformed; notwithstanding which the greatest part of the inhabitants are catholics. The coin is the current coin of Holland. The fortifications are regular, and the town is esteemed the strongest, except Bergen, on the Dutch frontiers.

This fortress is triangular, the ramparts are faced with stone, and shaded with rows of elm, which extend entirely round the town. At every angle there is a gate built of brick, the curtains are flanked with fifteen bastions planted with cannon, and by fourteen ravelins. It is about two miles in circumference; the country round is marshy, and often overflowed by the river Merck: the fosse appears to be very wide, and the water deep; but the centinels would not permit us to be very accurate in our observations.

Near the market-place stands the great church, whose spire is three hundred and sixty feet high, from whose top you have a most extensive prospect, commanding Antwerp to the

the south, at the distance of thirty miles; and Rotterdam about twenty-six miles to the north-west.

In the great church is the mausoleum of Engelbert II. Count of Nassau. He and his countess are lying on a slab of black marble; the disease, a lingering consumption, of which the count died, is most admirably expressed. Four figures, large as life, of Julius Cæsar, Regulus, Philip of Macedon, and Hannibal, support a fine piece of touch-stone, on which are laid the several pieces of the Count's armour carved in marble. The arm of one of the figures, and the leg and foot of another, are transparent, and much admired. The whole, indeed, is finely done, particularly the dead emaciated figure, and that of Regulus; and most of it, except Philip and Hannibal, is said to be from the chisel of Michael Angelo Buonarrati.

The Castle is quadrangular, surrounded by the river Merck, is of brick, and was built by King William; it is adorned with busts of the most famous warriors and legislators among the
Greeks

Greeks and Romans. Here is a very large guard-chamber, and two fine suites of apartments; but a great sameness reigns through them; the rooms being either hung with tapestry or wainscoted with Norway oak, on which there is some curious carving. The pictures are chiefly landscapes very moderately executed. Here are two good pictures of Venus. The one represents her lying on a couch, and the three Graces undressing the god of war; the carpet is astonishingly well done. The other is a Venus plucking a thorn from her foot; she is supported by Cupids; one of them, in tears, is highly esteemed. Adjoining to the castle are some fine gardens, which belong to the States, and are public to the whole city.

There is nothing very striking in the town; the houses are old, but not ruinous, the streets conveniently wide, not spacious; and one canal only, which, if I had not passed through towns crowded with them, I should have held

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in

in higher esteem. Our coach is at the door,
therefore till I get to Bergen-op-Zoom I must
bid you

Adieu!

DEAR

Bergen-op-Zoom.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Breda yesterday afternoon in a coach and four, which was six long hours conveying us twenty one miles over deep sands and barren commons; about six miles from hence we passed through a neat well-paved little town, called Rosendale; the morning has been spent in surveying the fortifications of this place, for which purpose we rose at six o'clock.

Bergen-op-Zoom is the last and strongest fortress in Dutch Brabant. It is situated on an eminence in the middle of a morass, about a mile and a half from the eastern branch of the Scheld. The river Zoom runs through the town, whence it derives its name of the Hill on the Zoom. The town is small, the houses modern, being obliged to be rebuilt, the French in 1747, during the siege, having

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levelled

levelled almost the whole town. But the fortifications are so extensive, that they require ten thousand men to defend the works. We sent a card to the Commandant, who very obligingly ordered a serjeant, and one of his own servants who understood French to shew us the fortifications; we wandered through the subterraneous passages under the ramparts, and were astonished at the ingenuity of Cohorn, the great Dutch engineer, who added such strong works to the town, that it is deemed impregnable by force. The side towards Antwerp is defended by a half moon, whose trench is strengthened by four redoubts and by the river Escaut, which communicates with the sea, whereby succours can be brought to the town in defiance of the besiegers—there are eleven forts between the town and the sea, with a great number of redoubts and pallisadoes on the dyke. Under the ramparts are galleries of immense length, arched over, which extend to mines thirty-six feet beyond the pallisadoes, which are the outermost line of the fortifications. Such was its strength, that it baffled two of the greatest generals in the two last centuries; the Duke

of

of Parma, who unsuccessfully besieged it in 1588; and the Marquis of Spinola, who was obliged to raise the siege in 1622, with the loss of the flower of his army. At length it fell a victim to Count Lowendhall in 1747, or rather to the treachery of the Dutch governor the old Baron de Cronstrom, who ordered a captain's guard from the ravelin of Edam to another quarter, and left there only a single centinel; the consequence of which was, that, in a few hours after, the French made good their ground on that very spot, and forced the garrison to surrender.

This anecdote I learned from the serjeant who attended us. He shewed me the very spot, assured me he was one of the guard, and spoke with that certainty of the fact, that it left me no room to doubt; though our English historians impute it solely to the blind security the strength of the place had lulled the governor into; while Voltaire, like a true Frenchman, in his age of Louis XV. attributes it to the impetuosity and ardour of the besiegers, which surmounted obstacles deemed insurmountable.

We purpose sleeping at Antwerp to night, from whence I hope to send you a more entertaining letter. Adieu; may the best wishes of your heart be servants to you.

This anecdote I learned from the history of the city of Antwerp, which is a very interesting story. It is a story of a man who was one of the great and noble of the city, and who was one of the great and noble of the city. It is a story of a man who was one of the great and noble of the city, and who was one of the great and noble of the city. It is a story of a man who was one of the great and noble of the city, and who was one of the great and noble of the city.

DEAR

Antwerp.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Bergen soon after sending your letter on Wednesday, and on passing the gate, the guards did us the honour to turn out and salute. The same dreary wastes and heavy sands, which have incommoded us from Gorcum, continued till within a mile or two of this place; but I hear we have passed the deserts, and are now to be delighted with the fertile plains of Flandres. The approach to the city of Antwerp is noble, by a straight paved road, bordered with oaks. For these last two days I have made a toil of pleasure, that I might reap the fruits of it on future recollection; at this moment I am weary and sleepy, and my memory has not had time to digest what I have seen; but as I know not when I shall be more at leisure, must give you the best account I can.

Antwerp is the capital of the province

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whose

whose name it bears, belonging to the Austrian Netherlands, and under the dominion of the Emperor. It is situated on the eastern shore of the Scheld, a noble river twenty feet deep at low water, so that ships of great burthen may unload upon the quays, or enter the town by eight canals, which communicate with the river, some of which are large enough to contain a hundred ships at the same time.

The city is much decayed from its ancient grandeur, though it still remains a beautiful place. It is built in the form of a crescent, about seven miles in circumference, surrounded with a wall and bastions faced with stone; the top of the wall is a hundred feet broad, with a double row of trees, between which is a most agreeable walk. The streets are well paved, very spacious and uniform; the houses in general are seven or eight stories high, but old, and in that miserable style of building which disgraces the towns in Holland. At the distance of a quarter of a mile is the citadel, built by the Duke of Alva, to keep the city in subjection; it stands on the banks of the Scheld, and

and commands at once the river, the city, and the adjacent country; it is built in a pentagonal form, with five bastions, which defend each other, surrounded with double ditches.

To this citadel is only one entrance, which is over a draw-bridge. It is about a mile in circumference, and well supplied with arms, ammunition, and all warlike stores, with barracks for three thousand men. This fortress has been of such repute for strength and regularity, that it has been a model for subsequent engineers; notwithstanding which the French in 1746 took it in seven days.

The trade of Antwerp is now confined to very narrow limits, though so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, there were two hundred thousand inhabitants, two thousand five hundred ships lying often in the river at a time, and it was far from unfrequent for five hundred vessels to come in or go out of the harbour in a day.

The trade of Antwerp in the year 1550, if the annals of their city can be relied on, amounted

to one hundred and thirty three millions of gold without including the bank.

As an instance of the amazing opulence of the merchants, there is a story upon record, of John Daens, a merchant, who lent a million of gold to Charles V. to carry on his wars in Hungary. The emperor on his return dined with the merchant, who gave him a most sumptuous entertainment, and at the close of it burnt the contract, by which the emperor was bound to pay him a million of gold, in a fire of cinnamon, which was the only fire during the repast.

The rise of their trade was as rapid as the decline, and both proceeded from the same causes; at the beginning of the sixteenth century Bruges was the mart of Europe, but the war at that time breaking out in Flanders, the merchants withdrew from Bruges, and were invited to Antwerp, as a place of greater safety, whose situation was happily calculated for commerce. But this did not last long, for the civil wars breaking out in the Low Countries, and Antwerp having twice been sacked, drove trade to seek a more peaceful refuge in Amsterdam.

The

The established religion is the Catholic; the language Low Dutch, but a bastard kind of French is talked by most of the inhabitants. We lodge at the Grand Laboureur in the middle of the Mer-street, called La Place de Mer, which I had the curiosity to measure, and found it to be fifty paces wide. It is much the most magnificent street in Antwerp. At the upper end is erected a crucifix of bronze gilt, 33 feet high, by Goethals of Mechlin, much admired by the connoisseurs. We have been so fortunate as to see a grand procession in honour of St. Rocque; the whole Mer was illuminated with torches, and many hundred people in procession with flambeaux, followed by the Virgin Mary, precious relicks, the Host, and an infinity of such kind of trumpery, amidst the corus of voices, *serpents**, and trumpets.

There are a great number of magnificent churches in this city, full of valuable paintings, by the great Flemish masters†. Among these

* Le Serpent is a wind instrument which is used in all Roman Catholic churches, where the voices are accompanied with musick.

† A particular catalogue of all these is given in a pamphlet, entitled, "Description des principaux Ouvrages de Peinture, &c." which may be had on the spot.

the cathedral of Notre Dame has justly the pre-eminence. Yesterday I spent the whole morning there, and refreshed my memory with a cursory view. To mention all the pictures in this church, which are worthy attention, would fill a volume; I therefore must content myself with some few, which most particularly engaged my eye. The descent from the Cross, by Rubens, is justly called his master piece; the position of the limbs of our Saviour is wonderful to behold; the varied expressions of the same passions in the different countenances of the weeping matrons surpass our imagination; all the figures are as big as life; among them he has introduced his three wives, his daughter, and himself.

The fall of the Angels by Floris ranks next in my esteem. On the thigh of one of the fallen angels is a large hornet, painted by Quintin Matzys, the noted blacksmith of Antwerp, who fell in love with the daughter of Floris, and demanded her in marriage; the painter refused him, because he was not of his own profession. Matzys therefore changed his hammer for the pallet, and studied under the Italian master for

two years; on his return he painted this hornet, unknown to Floris, who by mistake was going to brush it off, thinking it alive; he was so pleased with the execution of it, that he immediately gave him his daughter in marriage; Matzys was buried on the outside of the western door of the church, where there is a plain stone with this epitaph:

Connubialis amor de mulibre fecit Apellem.

I cannot omit mentioning a picture by Michael Coxie; it represents St. Ann, surrounded with a vast group of women and naked children in attitudes the most pleasing; one little boy at his mother's breast it is impossible to forbear looking at, there is that pleasure and vivacity in the eye, mixed with an eagerness which nothing but the picture can give you an idea of.

This church is rich in marble as well as pictures, is five hundred feet by two hundred and thirty, and the spire rises to the amazing height of four hundred and sixty-six feet, and is esteemed the finest in the world.

The Town-house is a handsome square building with a fine portal, which comprehends the
five

five orders of architecture. Within are many excellent pictures, among which a game and fruit-piece, by Snyers, where is a basin of mulberries that cannot pass unobserved.

From thence it is a short step to the Jesuits church; the façade is enriched with statues and other ornaments, under the direction and from the designs of the great Rubens. This church is a perfect piece of architecture, if tried by the nicest rules; it is lined with marble throughout.

The sodality is covered with pictures, by Vandyke, Eyckens, Quellin, and other capital masters; the spaces between the pictures are lined with the richest marbles; over the door is a much admired head of an angel in marble, by Quellin, which was saved from the ruins of the church when it was burnt down.

The room under the sodality is well covered with pictures, which you will find worth your seeing.

In the church of St. Waldburge there is an excellent piece of Ruben's over the altar, in three compartments. The history of it is the erection

erection of the cross; the distress in the countenances of the Virgin and St. John is strongly marked.

The church of St. James is remarkable for its size, for the tomb of Rubens, who died in 1640, and for a picture of his painting, in which he has portrayed himself under the figure of St. George.

The Exchange is an oblong square in the center of four large streets; its size is a hundred and ninety four by a hundred and fifty-four feet. There is nothing striking in the building, but you will find some good pictures in the saloon, two of which are by Rubens; in one he has introduced his own portrait. At the end of the Exchange is a neat little Theatre, where plays are acted during the carnival. Here likewise is the School of the Academicians, where there are a great number of drawings, which have been left by those who obtained the prizes. In the room adjacent is an excellent piece, by Snyers; the bird's nest will point it out to you.

From

From thence we went to the Convent of the Carmelites; in the church is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, with the roof arched, lined throughout with marble, and enriched with a statue of the Virgin, in massy silver, six feet and a half high.

The Abbey of St. Michael is the grandest in the city, the refectory is covered with pictures, by Quellin, most admirably executed. There is a deception of a stair-case, with a fish lying on one of the steps, which must attract every eye. In the church is a grand piece, by Rubens, the adoration of the Magi; which he finished in thirteen days. The apartments of the abbot are well worthy of a prince; I know not a more magnificent place. Such a profusion of capital pictures, by the best Flemish and Italian masters, with paintings to imitate basso relievo, executed in a style to deceive an artist. Having seen every thing that was curious, our valer carried us to the public Magazine, where we were to be regaled, in his estimation, with the greatest curiosity in the city: you will be as much surprised as I was, when I tell you there was nothing but some pasteboard giants, thirty feet high,

high, with whales and elephants of the same materials, which are carried in procession through the streets on grand days. I can say nothing of their women, for they entirely hide their faces with a kind of black veil; the better sort wear long white cloaks, with the heads so large that their faces were effectually concealed.

From your Friend.

DEAR

Brussels.

DEAR SIR,

We left Antwerp Saturday last, at seven in the morning, dined at Mechlin, which is midway between Antwerp and Brussels; situated in the heart of Brabant, capital of the lordship of Mechlin, and was erected into an archbishoprick, in the sixteenth century, by Paul IV. The prelate's title is Primate of the Low Countries.

Mechlin stands on the rivers Dyle and Demer, which are united before they reach the city. The Market place is spacious, the streets tolerably wide, but the houses are old and vilely built; the fortifications are trifling, and incapable of defence. The cathedral, dedicated to St. Rombaud, is a fine Gothic structure, in which is the Lord's Supper, by Rubens.

In St. John's church there are two pictures of great value; the one is the Adoration of the Magi; the other is Herodias with St. John's head in a charger; the satisfaction which appears in her countenance, and the blood spouting from the trunk of the Apostle, are inimitably executed. Both these are by Rubens, as is the picture of St. John in the act of being thrown into a caldron of boiling oil. These make three compartments over the grand altar.

In the church of Notre Dame is another piece, by the same master, of the miraculous Draught of Fishes. The attitude of the fishermen are most admirable; and their forms and faces so varied, that this picture alone would be a sufficient proof that Rubens was no *Mannerist*. The grand altar is of Egyptian marble, ornamented with a picture of the Last Supper.

The façade of the Jesuits church is the most beautiful in the city; the inside of it is likewise much esteemed, as well for the pictures as for the elegance of the architecture.

The

The roof is oval, supported by two rows of slight pillars. After we had satisfied our curiosity and appetites, we pursued our road to Brussels, and passed through the little town of Vilvorden, six miles from Mechlin and about the same distance from Brussels. It is a poor, beggarly place, the certain consequence of too many religious houses, with which the town is crowded. There are draw-boats which go from thence to Brussels in about an hour and a half.

The whole road from Antwerp is delightful; a spacious pavement shaded with double rows of trees; with the addition of the river Senne running by the road for the last six miles, and the prospect enlivened by neat villas and pleasant gardens.

We arrived at Brussels in time to dress and go to the Theatre, which is much esteemed for its size and for the elegance of its decorations. It was built by the Prince of Bavaria in the year 1700.

Some

Some of the boxes resemble closets, from which you see the stage, but are invisible to the audience, unless you choose to sit forward; they have chimneys, and it is not uncommon for the proprietors of these boxes, who are the first of the nobility, to have a dessert and wine for themselves and friends. The French Comedy continues the whole year, and there are *ridottos*, concerts, &c. during the winter.

We have stayed here four days, and it is with regret I leave it to-morrow; the playhouse, especially when the actors are good, which they are here, is to me a great entertainment. There is likewise vast comfort in meeting agreeable people at the *Table d'Hôte*, which we always make a point to dine at, wherever we are, for the sake of improvement in the French language; and to wear off by variety of company that *mauvaise honte* which so strongly marks the English. We live at the Hotel Imperial with a chevalier of the Teutonic Order, a French Abbé, a Dutch colonel, and two English gentlemen; add to these a Venetian officer, an Italian who has served

served under the King of Prussia, with his daughter and an old duenna; the four last I take to be needy adventurers, but they add not a little to our entertainment.

Brussels the capital of Brabant and all the Austrian Netherlands, the residence of the Governor-General of the Low-Countries; is twenty-four miles south of Antwerp, and thirty south-east of Ghent, situated on the Senne, an inconsiderable river. The site of this city resembles Guildford, being built on the brow of a hill. Its figure is oval, about four miles in circumference, surrounded with a wall and tolerably fortified; the Low Town has the benefit of canals, which admit boats of considerable burden.

The upper town is magnificent, and has lately been much improved by new buildings, and by inclosing a piece of waste ground, planting it, and laying it out in walks.

It is well supplied with fountains, some of which are rather whimsical; for instance, the three

three virgins, from whose breasts flow continual streams of water: but to shew you that the male sex is as charitably inclined, there is the statue of a boy who spouts out water with most immodest assurance. The stream flows not from his *Breast*. It is called in the Flemish tongue *Mannykypis*.

The streets are well paved and spacious, the houses in general large and modern; owing to the bombardment of Marshal Villeroy in 1696, which reduced the town to a heap of rubbish. The public walks are elegant, the ramparts extremely pleasant, and the country round Brussels is most delightful to the eye, and extremely profitable to the possessor; for the land within ten miles of the city sells at forty years purchase, and lets in general for three pounds sterling per acre.

The churches are both in structure and elegance far inferior to those at Antwerp; they are mostly Gothic. In the church of St. Caudenburgh is a picture by Rubens well worthy of notice. The Great Church dedicated to St. Gudula, situated on the hill near the gate of Lovain, is the

the most magnificent, but greatly deformed by two mishapen towers at the west end.

The principal pictures are, Christ giving the keys to S. Peter, by Rubens. Landscapes by Coppens, van Hiël, van Artois, &c.

S. Peter penitent, by G. de Crayer.

Portrait of Mad. Schotten, by Vandyck.

Painted glass, by Diepenbecke.

Near to this church are the remains of the palace, which was accidentally burnt down some years ago, situated in a pleasant little grove with some few deer, which the people pompously style the Park. One side of it is fenced with the ramparts. At a short distance is the arsenal, which stands on the top of the street called Montagne à la Cour. There is some old armour in it of neither curiosity nor use; except an iron shirt, which no sword can pierce; and a steel shield so finely engraved that the figures seem reflected from the polish, not to be etched in the steel: the nicest touch cannot perceive the least scratch; notwithstanding which the figures appear

pear to be strongly marked, when the shield is held obliquely.

Just below the Arsenal is the Palace of the governor of the Austrian Netherlands. The present palace is not more than half finished; there was upon this spot an old one, which was bought of the Prince of Orange, at the time the grand palace was burnt, in which was a most capital collection of pictures, especially of Rubens's, which with many valuable curiosities perished in the flames.

The staircase of the present palace is very magnificent; the steps are of marble, and the balustrade of iron gilt, adorned with compartments of birds and beasts, nicely executed in polished steel by Trieste; the ceiling is painted in fresco.

The apartment of the Princess is hung with the Brussels tapestry, which is brought to great perfection, though I think unequal to the Gobelins. The floors are all inlaid with mahogany and box. The Princess's cabinet

is much admired, being covered throughout with the finest Japan. The late Prince was a great mechanic, and had a cabinet of curiosities trifling enough, among which were two boxes, containing all the common trades in miniature.

In the Menagerie I saw some fowls, which were the produce of a very unnatural amour between a rabbit and a hen; they were of various sizes; their breasts and bellies clothed with white fur, their wings and backs covered with feathers without the plume, which rose from the skin and had the appearance of wet feathers; they are all milk white as their parents; their shape in every respect the same as other fowls *. I saw the hen turned into the rabbit; the buck was amorous, the lady was not coy, and they gave me repeated proofs of their happiness. The rabbit, like many other husbands, has almost stript his wife of her clothing, having bit half the feathers from her back. I wonder not so much

* This appeared afterwards to be an imposition of the gardener, who kept and shewed a particuler breed of chickens, which at first sight seemed to have a plumage resembling the fur of a white rabbit.

at this union, as I every day in England see matches as unnatural.

From the Menagerie we walked to the Mall, or it is called, the Cours or Allée verte, where the races are run; it is situated just without the town on the Mechlin road; this is the genteel place for airing both on foot and in a carriage. Here is a grand canal, with a mall on each side between rows of trees, without side of which is a road for carriages.

The Maison de Ville is a stone quadrangular building, with a fine cupola and a pretty Gothick front. Some of the apartments are ornamented with Brussels tapestry most admirably executed; Charles V. resigning his crown to his son Philip, and an historical piece of Charlemagne, are framed, and it must be an accurate eye to distinguish them from paintings, so lively are the colours, and the features so expressive; in one part of the tapestry is introduced a curtain of crimson velvet, which is so shaded, that it seems to be real velvet; these two pieces are hung up in the States chamber.

In the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, called *du Sablon*, there is some good modern sculpture, in the two capels of S. Maclon and S. Ursula.

In the *Carmes dechauffes*, is the assumption of the Virgin, a fine composition and design, by Rubens, at the high altar. — A fine figure of our Saviour, with S. Teresa, and two angels, by the same hand.

There are few other pictures in the churches worthy of observation: as in that of the Capuchins, a Pieta, or Christ dead on the knees of his mother, with an angel and S. Francis, by Rubens, S. Antony of Padua holding the infant Jesus — and, S. Francis at prayers: both by Vandyck.

At the Chariteux; the assumption, at the high altar, by Rubens.

The Duke d'Artemberg's is reputed the best house in Brussels, and is well furnished. There are no very good pictures in it, but many small bronze figures after the antique,

and

and an antique head of Laocoon in marble, fine expression. It has good gardens : one of them planted with flowering shrubs, and called *a l'Anglois*. In the house of the Prince de Ligne, is a good picture, by Rubens, of a dead Christ, with St. John and the two Maries; but nothing else worth seeing.

Near Brussels is the Abbey of Tervuren, a country house of the late Prince Charles. You pass through the forest of Sogne, which is cut regularly, and thus yields a million of livres annually to the Emperor.

We leave this heavenly spot to-morrow morning to my great regret; but our time is short, therefore we must away.

Adieu!

Brussels.

Ghent.

DEAR SIR,

I LEFT Brussels early yesterday morning, and breakfasted at Alost, a small town under the dominion of the Empress Queen, situated about fifteen miles from Brussels, and the same distance from Ghent.

You cannot employ your time better while your horses are baiting, than by strolling into the great Church, where is a good picture of the martyrdom of St. Roque, said to be the work of Rubens: I should rather apprehend it came from Rubens's school; for though it is painted in his manner, it is much inferior to the works of that great master.

The martyrdom of St. Ann is a picture too good to pass unobserved, and the figure of the Turk is excellent. The altar is neat; over it is the Lord's Supper in basso relievo, on Italian marble.

In seeing the church, you see every thing at Alost; you must therefore proceed with me

to

to Gand, or Ghent, where I arrived yesterday to dinner, since which time I have seen those few things which merit the attention of a stranger.

Ghent * is a large town containing 70.000 inhabitants, with spacious streets and regular buildings, strongly fortified, but far inferior to my idea of the strength of it: there are two or three canals run through the town, which contribute much to the beauty of the place, as well as to the convenience of the inhabitants. They still shew the house in which Charles V. was born here.

The Abbey of St. Pierre is infinitely beyond any thing in Ghent; it is situated on a rising ground, at the extremity of the town, and consists of an abbot and thirty seven Benedictine monks. The refectory is superb, and fitter for a palace than a convent; it is paved with black

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and

* This place gave birth to Charles V. in the year 1500. He was the son of Philip the handsome, Archduke of Austria, whose parents were the Emperor Maximilian, and Mary, the only child of Charles the bold, the last prince of the house of Burgundy.

His mother, Johanna, was the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Arragon.

and white marble, and painted throughout in a very masterly manner.

The library is equally magnificent; the number of books are very considerable; but I could see nothing besides the fathers, councils, some of the classics, and a few dictionaries. The ceiling is painted in fresco, by Simmonds, and the walls over the book-cases are painted in imitation of basso relievo, by Gerard of Antwerp. From the windows you have a most delightful as well as an extensive view of the country. In the church is some tapestry, held in great estimation, which has been there upwards of two centuries. It contains the histories of St. Peter and Paul in divers compartments, most admirably finished; it was the work of Croyer of Brussels.

The horse in the conversion of St. Paul is the finest animal I ever beheld. Our Saviour standing a tiptoe on a wave is the true sublime, and is most happily executed. A king humiliating himself to St. Benoit is finely done, by Croyer; but the pride and vanity of tho-

those idle religious appear far, ever in their pictures, in their tapestry, in their writings, and their actions. Elymas struck with blindness, has much merit; and a marble floor is as nicely imitated in the tapestry as I have ever seen in a picture.

In the church of St. Michael is a Crucifixion, by Vandyke, which is greatly valued; he has painted himself under the character of St. John. The dome is small but well proportioned.

The abbot's house is most sumptuous; the governor of the Low Countries always resides in it, when at Ghent. The apartments are crowded with good pictures, but three by Rubens are most excellent; the one is Joseph, with the infant Christ in his arms, the two others are the heads of old men. One room is hung with tapestry, by Oudenard, describing the history of Don Quixote; the colours are lively, and the figures well proportioned, but unequal to the same history at the King of France's palace at Marli. In the chapel is a picture of King David on

his death-bed, with his son Solomon standing by him. This picture is done by Sartelle.

The Cathedral is a noble old building, dedicated to St. Buvon, of whom there is a good statue over the grand altar standing on the clouds, which are supported by angels. Against the pillars of the church are fixed some tolerable statues; and where there are vacancies they have painted figures in imitation of statues so happy, that it is difficult at a distance to find out the deception. The pulpit is said to be the grandest of the kind; it is of marble enriched with statues, and has two angels to support the founding-board. There is a capital picture of St. Buvon, by Rubens, in which he has introduced himself, his wife and family.

The monument of bishop Trieste, by Fiamingo is most admirably executed: the boys do not yield even to those of Cardinal Rich-lieu's monument at the Sorbonne. Fiamingo's principal excellence was in boys and the delicate. He had the art of softening and vivifying his marble to a surprising degree.

In

In this respect he was superior to Michael Angelo, who attained the antique only in strong muscular figures, not in those of youth nor women, who under his bold hand grew Amazons.

The Maison de Ville has two fronts, the one in the Gothic, the other in the Grecian style, of three stories, adorned with Attic, Ionic, and Corinthian columns. There are some few fine pictures, as the Day of Judgment, by Rubens, and the Coronation of Charles VI. in which picture are five hundred figures, most of them taken from the life. But the most capital picture is Hercules between Virtue and Pleasure, taken from Cebes's table: I could not learn the name of the master.

There is a neat little convent, in which the English ladies are immured: I saw a nun whose family lives near Worcester, ringing the bell for prayers; her veil accidentally flew back, and discovered a face, which would have charmed an Anchorite: such a girl seemed better calculated for less pious uses.

uses. I am just summoned to breakfast; as soon as finished must quit this place and proceed to Bruges.

I am, yours, &c.

DEAR

Bruges.

DEAR SIR,

WE left Ghent yesterday morning, in a large boat drawn by two horses; this was still more agreeable than the Dutch trekfchuytes, as it had an awning over the end of the deck, where you may sit very much at your ease; below there are two separate apartments; the one elegantly fitted up for the better sort of people; add to these a kitchen, where they dress you a good dinner, at so much a head. I do not remember spending a more agreeable day, the weather perfectly fine; the view of the country delightful, joined to the conversation of a very pretty French woman, who was lively and good-humoured to a degree. We arrived here early in the evening, and strolled round the ground; in our walk we encountered an English lady, who is married to a native of Bruges, by profession a lawyer. She invited us to her house, and treated us with

with excess of civility, shewed us a small but good collection of pictures, gave us some excellent wine, and loaded us with fruit from her own garden.

To-day we have surveyed the town more accurately; it is situated in Flanders, and belongs to the Emperor; indeed the whole ten provinces often pass under the general name of Flandres, in the same manner as the United Provinces are called Holland. It is fortified, but seems of inconsiderable strength; the streets are wide, and the houses tolerably built, but old; no trade, nor even the appearance of traffic to be seen, but remains a miserable monument of its ancient grandeur.

The place for the grand guard is a tolerable square, on one side of which is the Guard-House, ornamented with colonnades, which have a pretty effect.

We roamed through many churches, but found very little entertainment. In the church dedicated to St. Salvator is one good statue, and

and many bad pictures. In the cathedral they shewed me a *veritable* Rubens; it may have been touched by him, but nothing more; the picture is not bad, but you may judge of it yourself by looking over the great altar. In this church there is the picture of a dying man receiving the sacrament, which has much merit. The Jesuits church is a fine building, the isles are divided by a double row of pillars, and the nave is separated from the altar by a balastrade of Italian marble, most curiously wrought with many figures of birds, beasts and men.

In the bishop's palace there is some good tapestry, but nothing else worthy of notice.

In the English nunnery there is a very neat little chapel; the altar is composed of various kinds of marble curiously inlaid. The nun who attended us, had not taken the vow of enclosure, she therefore was permitted to walk about the town on the business of the convent, a liberty she by no means coveted, and if she was sincere in what she said, she
much

much regretted her not having taken the
 heretofore.

The Maison de Ville is a noble Gothick
 structure, and is a fine contrast to the College
 opposite, which is a modern edifice of freestone.
 These two buildings, with a church and
 some well-built houses, compose a very hand-
 some square. Bruges was much too melanco-
 ly to make a longer stay in; we therefore took
 a coach, which carried us to Courtray, a for-
 tified town belonging to the Emperor. It is of
 considerable size, with a spacious market place
 and good streets.

The choir of the great church of Notre
 Dame is richly adorned with marble, the
 sides and pillars being lined throughout, at
 the sole expence of Menlenair, one of the
 present canons. Behind the great altar is the
 Elevation of the Cross, by Rubens. The
 resignation in our Saviour's countenance,
 the non-chalance expressed in the faces of
 the elevators of the cross, with the grief of
 the other figures, are most beautifully con-
 trasted.

The

The chief trade of the town is a manufactory of napkins; I think they are called damask.

We left Courtray on Sunday morning, and passed through Menin, the last town under the dominion of the Emperor. It is an inconsiderable place, and very indifferently fortified.

We entered the dominions of the French King, at a little village called Halluin, where we were stopt, till we had paid for a permit to enter the kingdom. Unless your servant is in the carriage, he passes without a fee.

It is about eight miles from this place to Lille, the capital of French Flanders, a place most worthy the attention of a foreigner, whether in respect to the strength and extent of the fortifications, or to the beauty and regularity of the buildings.

The town is surrounded with a treble ditch, the ramparts are faced with stone of enormous

enourmous size, covered with cannon and full of mines.

The houses are uniformly built, faced with free-stone, and ornamented with sculpture. The streets are spacious, regular, and well paved. The Rue Royale, which runs from the Citadel to the Market-Place, is perfectly straight, is a mile in extent, and sixteen steps in width. La Rue de Malade, which leads to Paris, is equally spacious. At the end of this street is the most magnificent gate in Lisle; it is ornamented with statues; the arch is boldly executed, but the entrance is contemptibly narrow.

The Market-Place is divided by the Exchange, which is built similar to our Royal-Exchange, but the cloisters are filled with shops of all kinds. The Market-Place is a noble square, sufficiently large for eight thousand men to exercise, which they do every morning directly opposite to my window.

They

They tell me there are fifty churches in the city; I have been in many of them, but find but few pictures of merit. In the chapel of Notre Dame de la Trielle, is a good picture of our Saviour scourged; the blood just starting from his back is finely expressed. The choir is of marble, and the body of the church is ornamented with some wooden statues excellently carved.

In the church of the Capuchins is the Descent from the Cross, said to be by Rubens. It is probably a copy of his famous picture at Antwerp, by one of his school, but it is not equal to the master; neither can it be supposed that his genius would condescend to copy even a picture of his own.

In the chapel of the Recolets are three good pictures; but the Crucifixion over the altar, by Vandyke, is infinitely the best piece in Lisle. St. Anroine, by Rubens, in which there is an ass prostrate on the ground, cannot escape your notice.

In the Jesuits church are no pictures, yet the

the elegance of the building is well worthy observation, and four statues kneeling before the altar are of excellent workmanship. In the church of St. Maurice is a good picture of St. Diion. A magnificent altar of marble and silver, is all that is worth seeing in the church of St. Augustine. The portal of the Dominican church is much admired.

In the chapel of the Carmelites is a fine pulpit; the founding board is supported by flying angels, and ornamented with some bold basso relievo. We obtained leave of the commandant to walk round the ramparts of the Citadel, but we were attended by a guard, who prevented our making observations. It is detached from the town, and is surrounded with a regular fortification, which appears to be of great strength.

From the Citadel we visited the Hospital, which is as spacious as magnificent; it is founded for the support of old people and children, all of whom are employed according

ing to their strength and years, in making shoes, lace, clothes, spinning yarn, and other manufactories, which require more art than strength. In this Hospital is shewn a spurious picture of Rubens's; but had he lived till this time, he could not have painted all the pieces attributed to him.

The Magazin de Blé is a large stone building, and appears sufficiently spacious to contain as much corn as the city could consume in twelve months.

We frequented the Theatre every evening, which is far inferior to Brussels in size and ornament, but I think the parts are better filled.

I was much pleased with the play to night; it is called the Dissipateur, in which were some fine strokes of the pathetic between the honest servant and the ruined prodigal. The farce was a laughable thing, called the Sylphide.

We proceed to Paris to-morrow morning,
and

and, by way of variety, intend travelling in the diligence, which is to convey us there in two days, though the distance is a hundred and fifty-six miles.

Adieu!

DEAR

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING recovered from the fatigues of my journey, I will catch the present moment to give you some idea of the places which lie in the road from Lille.

We breakfasted at Douay, a large, well-fortified town; the streets are spacious, but the houses bad. The church is an handsome edifice, with an elegant spire rising from a square tower.

From thence we proceeded to Cambray to dinner, which is a strong-fortified town in the province of Flanders, situated on the Escant, which passes through it, famous for its cambrick manufactory. It has also a trade in corn, sheep, and wool, which is very fine, and in much request. The choir of the Cathedral is worthy of your attention. It is built entirely of marble, adorned with excellent basso relievo, in brass, and the altar is enriched with much silver ornament.

Adjoining

Adjoining to the church is the Archbishop's Palace, an awkward old building.

Peronne was the next place we passed of any note, situated on the river Somme, in Picardy; it is called one of the keys of the kingdom; our baggage would have undergone a severe scrutiny at the Douane or Custom-House, if we had not taken off the edge of the officer's vigilance with a six-livre piece. We lodged at a little dirty cabaret, for it deserved not the name of an inn, where we met with very indifferent accommodations, did not therefore regret the early summons of the coachman, but proceeded soon after midnight on our journey, in which we found nothing entertaining, till our arrival at Senlis, which is built on the side of a hill, and watered by a little rivulet, called Nannette. There are some ruinous fortifications and the remains of a castle, said to be the work of the Romans.

The king was hunting in the neighbourhood, and was to return through the town to Versailles in the evening. So careful were
the

the inhabitants of their *grand Monarque*, that all the signs were removed, lest peradventure they might fall on his royal pate. There were relays of carriages and guards, at the distance of every six miles, waiting on the road, which was covered with his numerous retinue. It had more the appearance of a triumphal entry than a return from partridge shooting.

The common fields on each side of the road were full of game, who enjoyed perfect freedom in this land of slavery, and were so tame, that they would scarce move out of the way of the carriages. We arrived at Paris by six in the evening, and had no reason to regret having travelled in the diligence; as by it we avoided the insolence of the postmasters, and squabbles with postillions, who, like the barren womb, are never satisfied, and say not it is enough.

In respect to our company, we had much reason to be pleased, having only three officers of infantry, an open-hearted priest, who seemed to care very little about the hows

H and

and whens of life. Their behaviour was civil, and their conversation lively and entertaining.

After having disengaged ourselves from the officious impertinence of porters and valets; who surrounded us the moment we descended from the coach, and having obtained a permit from the searchers of the Custom-House to take away our baggage, we drove to the Hotel de l'Imperatrice, in the Rue Jacob, where we have an elegant dining-room, with two bed-chambers on the first floor, and a bed-chamber in the entresol, with an apartment for the servant, for three guineas per week. I confess the lodgings are dear, but the situation is good, and the furniture magnificent. Add to this, that Mademoiselle Brunet is young, sprightly, and handsome, and her father keeps a number of carriages for hire, by which means our coach is always ready. We pay half a guinea a day for it, and a shilling to the coachman. We have likewise a valet de place, who goes behind the coach, runs on errands, and cheers us when he can.

We

We generally dine at a Table d'Hôte, where we find genteel people, and good diners: the price is different at different houses; but for forty sous a head, which is twenty pence English, we dine most sumptuously, on two courses of seven and five, with a dessert and a pint of Burgundy; when ten are seated, the table is full. We always sup at home. We buy our wine of the merchant, and our supper is sent from the neighbouring traitteurs.

Having thus told you how I live, in my next I will endeavour to give you a general idea of this seat of dissipation, but cannot conclude my letter without telling you I called this morning on Dom. Le P.... des blancs Manteaux, a monk I formerly was acquainted with in one of the provinces.

He shewed me his study, which consisted chiefly of the Fathers, in Latin; he confessed his ignorance of the Greek tongue, and asserted, that the Latin version, even of the New Testament, was better than the original.

Having rummaged over the dusty Fathers, he shewed me his holy of holies, which was a little cabinet, in which were the fathers of gallantry, Tibullus, Ovid, Petronius Arbitrator, &c.

Here I found the original letters of Abelard and Eloisa, with which was bound up an epistle from Foulques, Prior of Duell, to console his friend Abelard on his loss. The title of it is, "Epistola Fulconis Prioris de Diogillo," which concludes in these very remarkable words:

Christus omnia, quæ perdidisti, *multiplaciter* et *mirabiliter* reformabit in glorificatione corporum in futuro beatorum; ac tum demum regula dialecticorum falsa apparebit, dicentium "in habitum nunquam posse redire privationem."

Had this consolation been addressed to a Mussulman, the *mirabiliter* and *multiplaciter* would have been well calculated for the virgins of Mahomet's paradise; but that such kind of comfort should be administered by a prior

to a monk, induces me to think as uncharitably of the purity and wisdom of the Roman Catholic professors in the twelfth century, as the Latin Fathers and obscene authors in the Benedictin's study obliged me to judge of him to day.

Adieu!

Rue Jacob,

H 3

DEAR

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

I MEAN to confine myself in this letter within the walls of Paris ; and happy shall I esteem myself if I can give you a general idea of a place, so highly spoken of by Frenchmen, and so much resorted to by the English. It is situated in the Isle of France, an hundred and seventy-six miles and three quarters south of Calais, and one hundred and twenty-nine south-west of Dieppe. Its form is circular and surrounded with a wall. The ramparts, or boulevards, which extend more than half round the city, are ornamented with four rows of trees, in the center of which is a spacious road for carriages, and on each side shady walks. During the summer-season, these walks are crowded with the Bourgeois, and the road with coaches. On the edge of the walls are coffee-houses, and places of entertainment of infinite variety. Singing and musick both French and Italian, dwarfs and giants, conjurors

jurors and drolls, plays and rope dancing, with a thousand other articles of merriment to amuse both the eye and the ear. But Vauxhall seems at present to be the place of the most fashionable resort. It is a new building situated on the Boulevards, partaking both of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but far inferior to either.—There is a rotunda, about the fourth part as large as Ranelagh, decorated with lustres, mirrors and pillars painted with wreaths of flowers. In the center, dancing masters, impures, and children, amuse themselves and the company in dancing cotillons, minutes, allemands, &c.—This building is separated from some other large rooms by a gravel walk of forty or fifty yards in length, on each side of which is a piazza filled with shops finely illuminated. In the middle of the walk is a lofty mast or may-pole, which men clad in sailors habits are perpetually climbing up and again sliding down; whether to entertain themselves or the company I am yet to learn.

These different species of entertainment continue and are frequented from five in the even-

ing till two or three in the morning.—The hard-working artisan soon disappears, and the industrious tradesman in an hour or two after makes way for the people of fashion, who call midnight the polite hour for the humours of the Boulevards.

Having mentioned the situation, let me endeavour to guess at the size of Paris. I have walked round it, I have viewed it from the top of Notre-Dame, and I cannot be induced to think, that it is more than half as large as London and Westminster, including the suburbs. But I must observe that the streets are contemptibly narrow; few equal to Drury-lane, the generality inferior to the narrow part of the Strand. Add to this, that the houses are six or seven stories high, and hold many different families, which will account for the populousness of this metropolis. Yet there is much ground unbuilt on; for the hotels of the noblesse have court-yards in front surrounded with high walls, and behind most of them are spacious gardens. The river Seine too, which nearly divides the city, branches off with little arms through many parts

parts of the town, and though small in itself, yet upon the whole must cover a considerable extent of ground. Over this river are thrown thirty bridges, which add much to the convenience of the inhabitants, though but little to the ornament of the place. The Pont-neuf is the most esteemed, which in fact is as pitiful as the river it is built over. This bridge consists of eight arches; in the center is a large bastion erected on a point of land, from whence the river divides into two branches; so that in reality this boasted nothingness is two bridges joined together by a mole of stone. On the middle of the pier is an equestrian statue of Henry the Fourth, very finely executed by Dupre; the horse is particularly admired, which is by John Bologna. Almost at the north end of the bridge is a four square building called the Samaritan, which is a reservoir for supplying the pipes with water which communicate to different fountains in the city. About two hundred yards up the stream you see the Pont-Michel, which is covered with houses; about the same distance down the river you have a view of the Pont-royal, the most modern, and in

my opinion infinitely the most beautiful bridge in Paris. But it consists only of five arches, and cannot be put in any degree of comparison with Westminster bridge, even in point of elegance, much less in magnificence. Having mentioned the number of arches of these the two grandest bridges, you may have some idea of the narrowness of the river, which is made still less useful by a number of shoals, and the sand-banks in many places appear above the water. There is nothing to be seen but a few wherries, and some house-boats of the larger kind, fixed in particular parts for the use either of bathing or washing of linen. These circumstances induce me to look on the quays that are erected on each side of the river as things rather of ornament than use. I must confess, the banks being faced with stone, and the parallel streets with handsome fronts towards the water have a very fine effect, especially when compared with the banks of the Thames, edged with coal-wharfs and timber-yards.

Having spoken of the river, I will now mention the gates of Paris, four of which merit

merit the attention of a stranger, as they were built for triumphal arches to perpetuate the victories of Louis XIV. I mean the gates of St. Antoine, St. Bernard, St. Martin, and St. Dennis, which is much superior to the other three, being seventy-two feet high, and adorned with excellent basso relievo, the one side representing the passage of the Rhine; the other the taking of Maestricht. Within these gates are four royal palaces, in which neither the king nor any of the royal family ever reside. In truth, the first I mention which is called the Palace, cannot accommodate a monarch: it is like our Westminster-hall, and appropriated to the same purposes, for the Parliament, for the Chamber of Accounts, and for other courts of Justice. The passages or rather halls which lead to these different courts, are an object of curiosity, by the infinite variety of toys and knickknacks which are offered to your notice by the mistresses of these little shops, who attack you as you pass with now and then a word of English, and with such an inundation of French, that a man must have more than

legal impudence to run the gantlet through such a number of chattering females.

The Luxembourg was built by Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV. and mother to Louis XIII. It describes a quadrangle, and resembles the front of Queen's-college in Oxford, having a colonnade with a dome in the center, under which you enter the court. The first story is of the Tuscan order; above are the Doric and Ionic: The whole is extremely elegant, but the pictures within are the most worthy admiration, especially the Luxembourg gallery, painted by Rubens, in twenty-four large pieces, in which this great master has comprised the history of Mary de Medicis. You see these valuable pictures to very great disadvantage, the gallery being too small for their size, and the light is so bad that not even a connoisseur can determine on their merit. The picture which struck me most, represented the queen sitting in a chair as just delivered of her son, her face strongly marked with the agony of pain she had so lately undergone, mixed with a look of inexpressible

pressible fondness for the child, on which her eyes are rivetted.

There are three other rooms open to strangers, in which are pictures by the most capital masters. Those that more immediately attracted my eye, were a picture of Charity, under the figure of a woman employed in taking care of some little children, by Andrea del Sarto. This was originally painted on wood, which decayed, and Mr. Picaut took off the painting, and fixed it on a canvass in so exact a manner, that the most observing eye cannot discern that it was not originally painted on it.

Christ on the cross, with the Virgin and St. John, and the Magdalen at his feet, by Rubens.

Cardinal Giulio di Medicis, afterwards Pope Clement VII. by Raffaello.

The landing of Cleopatra, by Claude Lorrain.

Christ crowning the Virgin, by Lanfranc.

Portrait of a Woman and her Daughter, by Vandyck.

The

The Philistines attacked with the Plague, by
Nicolas Pouffin.

Jupiter and Antiope, by Titian.

A Battle, by Salvator Rosa.

The Miracle of Manna, by Nicolas Pouffin.

Portrait of a Man, with his Son, by Vandyck.

The Martyrdom of S. George, by Paole
Veronese.

The Angel delivering Peter, by Neefs.

A Wake, by Claude.

Cardinal Ippolito di Medicis, by Titian.

In the Little Gallery.

The Rape of the Sabines, by Nicoles Pouffin.

The Roman Charity, by Guido.

The Deluge, to represent Winter, a very fine
dark picture, by Pouffin.

Our Saviour driving the Money-changers out
of the Temple, by Castiglione; and several
other good pictures.

The

*The Third Room contains the Pictures of
the French School.*

Among them is a fine *Marine*, by Claude, beautiful light as usual, and fine curling waves.

But as there is a small printed catalogue, it is not necessary to particularize these.

Great Gallery.

Tobit and his Family, with the Angel, a fine picture, by Rembrandt.

Jupiter and Antiope, by Corregio.

Timoclea before Alexander, by Domenichino.

S. Catherine dedicating herself to Christ, by Pietro di Cortona.

Christ in the Arms of the Virgin, Elizabeth, S. John, and S. Michael, by Leonardo da Vinci.

Flight into Egypt, by Guido.

The Infant Jesus, the Virgin, and S. John, by Raffaele.

And many more, but these are the best.

These

These pictures may be seen gratis every Wednesday and Saturday, from four till seven in the evening.

The gardens are spacious, laid out in regular walks, well shaded, and very pleasant, but little frequented by people of fashion.

From the Luxembourg palace I must take you to the Louvre, begun by Francis the First, and continued down by different princes, but still remains unfinished. The grand façade towards the river can never be enough admired. On the first story is a gallery, formed with twenty-eight pillars, which sustain architraves twelve feet long. These are much esteemed, especially for the leaves in the capitals. This front is of immense length, and has a noble effect from the opposite side of the Seine. The quadrangle at the east end has been repaired, and it was the design of the late king to complete this magnificent palace*. The apartments are given to artists of the first eminence to dwell in.

* Bethlem is built in imitation of the east front of the Louvre.

In this palace is the annual exhibition of pictures, which I have viewed with some degree of attention; but they are in no respect comparable to the performances of the English artists. In the choice of their subjects there is much imagination; but their colours are glaring, and instead of nature, you have only the tinsel of art.

This palace is joined to the Tuilleries by a long gallery, in which are preserved plans of all the fortified towns in France, and of the principal fortifications in Europe. I have heard they are extremely curious, but they are hid from the public eye.

The last royal palace in Paris is the Tuilleries, begun by Catherine de Medicis, continued by Henry IV. and finished by Louis XIV. under the direction of the great Colbert. The front is 326 yards long, having three courts on one side, on the other the gardens. The grand façade towards the gardens consists of five pavilions; the centre is adorned with the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders,
with

with an Attic. The columns of marble are fluted, and filled up with olive-branches, which give it an inconceivable richness. The gardens are resorted to in the evening by all ranks of people, where are an infinite number of benches, to accommodate the idle and infirm. These gardens are laid out with the greatest regularity, designed by Le Nôtre, a name more famous in France than Capability Brown's in England. The grand terrace is five hundred and sixty yards long by twenty-eight broad, shaded with a double row of trees. It is parallel with the river, of which and of the town you have a fine view from this walk. The parterres are adorned with marble statues of admirable workmanship, and round the grand basin, at the extremity of the principal walk, are the four rivers personified, of colossal stature, reclining on marble pedestals, the whole most wonderfully executed. The Seine is by De Couston, the Loire by Vaneleve; the Tyber and Nile are copies from the antiques at Rome. Towards the bottom of the gardens is a thick grove of trees, which in the day-time secures you from the sun, and in the eve-

evening from the eye of observation ; for as soon as it is dark , every species of indecency is committed under those trees , far outdoing the Bird-cage walk , the dark walk at Vauxhall, or Ranelagh gardens. All elegant as are these gardens , yet so little care is taken of them, and so little conversant are the French in cleanliness, that one walk, which is over-hung with a yew hedge , will give you ten thousand instances of filthiness.

Next to the King's palaces, the Palace Royal must be mentioned, which belongs to and is the usual residence of the Duke of Orleans. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and by him presented to Louis XIV. who gave it to his nephew the Duke of Orleans*.

This palace is in the neighbourhood of the Louvre ; its outward appearance does not

* The Duke of Chartres was born in 1664; he was the son of Philip of France , only brother of Lewis the IVth and Charlotte Princess Palatine ; the title of Orleans devolved on him upon the death of his father Philip. He married a natural daughter of the King's.

give that idea of princely magnificence which you will find in all the apartments.—In every room you see bronzes in the highest perfection, copied from the most beautiful antiquities: tables inlaid with marble, porphyry, &c. cabinets of the rarest workmanship, china jars of extraordinary excellence; — lustres of rock-crystal, and an infinity of things worthy admiration. But these are nothing when compared to the collection of capital paintings, which is infinitely superior to any collection I have seen; and I have heard it advanced by those who have made the grand tour, that it is not equalled in Europe. Among such numbers I can scarcely tell you which I most admire, though I have been twice to feast my eyes on them.

The gallery, called the gallery of Æneas, from his history, in fourteen large pieces, most inimitably done, by Anthony Coypel, will attract your notice. This, like the Luxembourg gallery, is too small for the size of the pictures, and is much out of proportion, being neither wide nor lofty enough for its length.

The
saloon

saloon does the architect much more credit ; this is covered with excellent pieces of the best Italian masters.—I will mention some few in the different parts of the house, which gave me the greatest satisfaction.

The Death of Christ, by Carracci, valued at ten thousand guineas.

Tarquin and Lucretia, by Detroy.

The Murder of the Innocents, by Le Brun.

The Flight of Jacob, by Peter Cortona.

The Education of Love, by Corregio.

Mars and Venus tied together by a little Cupid with chains of flowers. P. Veronese.

The Death of Adonis : Venus weeping over him, with Cupid falling headlong from a tree in the back ground. P. Veronese.

Joseph and Potiphar's wife, painted on copper ; the varnish is wonderful ; by Alexander Veronese.

God

God the Father sitting on the many-headed monster, with his arms supported by two angels: by Raphael.

The Virgin with our Saviour and St. John, esteemed the most capital in the whole collection, by Raphael.—This is a very small picture in a gloomy room, therefore may be passed over unobserved.

A Holy Family: The Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms; Isaac standing by, looking on the child with an earnestness and satisfaction that makes you almost forget it is a picture. By Raphael.

The Martyrdom of St. Hyppolite, with her face pinched with red-hot pincers; and St. Sebastian transfixed with arrows, with his hands tied to a tree, are two capital pieces, by Guido.

A Holy Family, but unequal to Raphael's; by Carracci.

St. John looking at our Saviour, who stands on a distant mountain. Carracci.

The

The Baptism of our Saviour, by Albani.

Alexander sitting up in his Bed, with the Bowl in his Hand, his Physician standing by him*. The intrepid confidence in the eye of Alexander, and the conscious integrity that marks the countenance of Philip, force me to give this piece the preference to the whole. It is the work of Le Sœur.

Moses striking the Rock, by Pouffin.

Cupid bending his Bow, with Two Little Cupids playing between his Legs, the one crying for being trod on, the other laughing at his Misfortune. By Correggio.

Heraclitus and Democritus, two large pieces, finely contrasted. By Hispanioletti.

* Alexander being ill, Philip the Acarnanian offered to administer physic to him; at the same time Parmenio wrote him word, that Philip was bribed by Darius to poison him. Philip attended the king with the potion, which Alexander immediately swallowed, at the same moment putting into his hand the letter of accusation he had received. This is the story on which the picture is founded.

Ve-

Venus bathing, standing up to the Knees only in Water, the Golden Tresses flowing negligently on her Neck. By Titian.—She is indeed a goddess; for never was a woman blessed with such symmetry, such beauty. If you may judge of the man from the painter, Titian indisputably had the most wanton imagination of all artists; for you see *nakedness* in almost every piece of his; but then it is such nakedness that the eye of modesty would not wish clothed. From one of the apartments a door communicates to the duke's lodge in the new Opera-house, which is adjoining to one end of the palace. No man but a Frenchman would choose to have such a riot, noise and uproar close to his very doors, which must be the case when the opera is opened; but it is not yet finished.

The gardens belonging to the palace are neither very extensive nor very elegant; yet from twelve to two in the summer season, you will there meet all the beau monde. It is the fashion; and nothing but the shady walk in the Palais-Royal gardens is resorted to at that time

time of day, though both the Luxembourg and Tuilleries are infinitely more shady and more pleasant. They are now built round with shops and a colonnade, to which there is a great resort of company.

The Bourbon palace (Rue de l'Université), belonging to the Prince of Condé, was built by his grand-mother (a natural daughter of Louis XIV.), in the Italian style, being only one story high. It describes a semicircle, with two large wings joined to it. The statues of Minerva and Plenty, the architecture, and the view of the Seine from the windows, make it worthy to be the residence of a prince.

I did not think it half an hour thrown away in seeing the hotel of the Duke de V——, son of the famous Marshal, who gained so many laurels in Louis XIVth's time; but, as Hamlet says, "No more to be compared to him than I to Hercules"—laurels grow not in the barren soil of Sodom. In this house are some good pictures of his father's battles. But the gal-

I lery

lery is chiefly to be admired: it is almost covered with pier glasses of the largest size: the cornice and the ceiling all gilt in the richest manner; and over every glass is the picture of a woman, each in a different attitude; very pleasing, though not perhaps strictly decent.

Mr. Blondel in the Place de Vendome has a very capital collection of pictures for a private gentleman, which is much esteemed, and is visible to all strangers.

I have now, to the best of my recollection, given you an account of those palaces and houses which are most curious. Among such a variety of things which I have still to mention, I scarce know where first to carry your attention; but must take you, I believe, from the house of man to the house of God: I therefore shall begin with Notre Dame, which is the cathedral, of Gothic Architecture, built in the form of a cross, one hundred and thirty yards long, forty-eight broad, and about forty yards in height; the whole supported by one

hundred and twenty beautiful pillars. In the front of the church are three large gates, adorned with a number of figures in basso relievo;—over the gates of the portal is a gallery embellished with twenty-eight statues of kings of France, from Childebert down to Philips Augustus. The true Gothic magnificence shines forth in this portal, on which are two very clumsy towers; one of these I ascended, and the very distinct view I had from it of Paris was an ample recompense. Immediately on entering the church, you are struck with a colossal statue of St. Christopher, carrying the infant Jesus on his shoulders. This statue is twenty-eight feet high, hewn out of a rock; an odd ornament for a church. Here you find an equestrian statue of Philip le Bel, armed cap-a-pie, as at the battle of Mons, which you probably will think as great an impropriety as the holy giant. In this church are many good pictures among numberless bad ones. In the choir are eight grand pieces, very finely executed, by Caypel, Jouvenet, La Fosse, and other great masters. The archbishop of Milan

giving the sacrament to a woman in the plague, by Vanloo, deserves attention. But the magnificence of the high altar is chiefly admired: it stands by itself in the center of the sanctuary; the massive part is of Egyptian marble, carved in form of an antique tomb. The sides are of porphyry, the front of brass richly gilt, adorned with cherubims, and two angels of larger proportion, in the attitude of adoration, borne upon clouds, and supported upon a pedestal of white marble. In a niche is a group of four figures in white marble: — the Virgin Mary sits in the middle, her arms extended, her eyes towards heaven; the head and part of the body of her son reclining on her knees, the rest of his body is stretched out on a winding-sheet; a kneeling angel, with wings half extended, supports one hand of our Saviour, while the other angel holds the crown of thorns. This group is indeed of admirable beauty. — In the treasury are vast quantities of trumpery relics, and some few valuable curiosities, among which is a knife, with these words on the hilt: “ Hic
“ cultellus fuit fulcheri de Buolo, per quem
“ Wido

“Wido dedit areas drogonis archidiaconis
 “ecclesie Sanctæ Mariæ, ante tandem eccle-
 “siam fitas.” This knife is the title by which
 the canons hold an estate of six thousand livres
 per annum. There is likewise a small bit
 of wood, with a Latin inscription, giving by it
 certain lands to the church. How easy, in those
 days (1094), was the transferring of property,
 when four inches square of wood answered the
 end of forty skins of parchment, and a carpen-
 ter could as effectually make a conveyance of an
 estate, as the first lawyer in the kingdom!

The bowels of Louis XIII. and XIV. are in-
 terred in the choir: — their statues are in marble,
 kneeling on the right and left of the grand altar.

As Notre Dame is remarkable for the old
 Gothic magnificence, the church of St. Sul-
 pice is no less so, in the Grecian style. — The
 grand portal offers to your eyes a double row
 of Corinthian pillars; above, are sixty-eight
 columns of the Doric and Ionic orders; to the
 right and left are two octagon towers: but this

noble front cannot be seen to advantage, by reason of the high wall of the seminary adjoining, which I hear is to be taken down to open the view; if not, vast sums of money have been expended to little purpose.

In the inside of the church the architecture is chiefly to be admired, together with six noble pictures, by Vanlöö. The monument of Languet de Guerchy, Doctor of the Sorbonne, is happily designed: Immortality is pushing away Death, who is in the act of covering the statue of Languet. — There is likewise a fine monument to the memory of the Dutches of Lauraguais. — The canopy over the high altar is richly gilt, and has a fine effect from the entrance of the church. There are two shells of uncommon size, given by Louis XV. which contain the holy water: they are called Benitiers.

As the church of St. Roch, (rue St. Honoré) is the next in beauty, it shall next be spoken of. It is a modern edifice, chiefly to
be

be admired for the perspective of four chapels. The view is terminated with our Saviour on the cross, which seems from its situation at a great distance; a window, properly disposed, throws the light exactly on the cross. — The first chapel is dedicated to the Virgin, of whom there is a fine marble statue in a kneeling attitude; — the angel descending on a cloud, and above are immense rays in gilding, which give a wonderful appearance.

In this church is a tolerable monument to the memory of that great philosopher Maupertuis, and an excellent picture of St. Louis dying, by Ant. Coypel: you will find it in a little chapel on the right of the choir. — I know nothing else worthy observation, except the pulpit and the rails that separate the choir, which are of polished iron, and of extraordinary workmanship.

Now I am in the rue St. Honoré, I will mention two or three churches in the neighbourhood: — And first, that belonging to the

convent of Jacobins, which is remarkable only for the tomb of Pierre Mignard, the celebrated French painter; and for the monument erected to the memory of the Marechal de Crequi, designed by Le Brun.

But the church belonging to the Assumption, which is a convent for women, has many beauties worthy observation. It is built after the manner of the ancient Pantheon at Rome, which is now known by the name of St. Mary's.

A small dome comprises the whole church, which is extremely neat, and the cupola is well painted in fresco, by La Fosse, representing the assumption of the blessed Virgin.— There are some excellent pictures round the church, among which, a Crucifix, by Ant. Coypel; the Flight into Egypt, by Le Moine, and a Holy Family, by Boulogne, have the greatest merit.

At no great distance is the church of the
Augustins.

Augustins Dechausses, which is built in the Ionic order.—In the choir are seven large and exquisite pieces, by Vanloo, giving the history of St. Augustin. Here is likewise the tomb of Lulli, the father of French music, whose name I have already mentioned in a capital piece at the Luxembourg palace.

I do not recollect any other church in this quarter of the town which merits attention: I must therefore take you to the other side of the river to admire the beauties of Val de Grace (Fauxbourg St. Jacques), which is indisputably one of the grandest churches in Paris; it belongs to a female convent, and was built by Ann of Austria, mother to Louis XIV. The front is truly magnificent, with a grand portico supported by Corinthian pillars, and adorned with marble statues.—On entering the church I know not which most to admire, the pavement of marble in different compartments, or the vaulted roof of imitable sculpture in stone, enriched with a great number of fine medallions, on the design

of the grand altar, which is as ingenious as magnificent. — The canopy (on which is a crucifix) is supported by six twisted marble pillars, fixed in an oval form, and ornamented with a gilt wreath; under the canopy the child Jesus lies in a cloak, with the Virgin on one side and Joseph on the other, whose looks are expressive of the greatest humility, reverence and affection. These figures are in marble, big as the life, and executed in a most masterly manner. The dome is of just proportion, painted in fresco, by Mignard, representing heaven opened: you see God the Father in the middle, surrounded by saints and angels; and Ann of Austria offering to the Deity a plan of the church. I look on this as Mignard's master-piece. In the elevated point of the dome, the view seems to lose itself in infinite space.

Almost opposite to Val de Grace, is the church of the Carmelites, esteemed the most curious in Paris; of this order of nuns the queen herself was protectress.

It is a little gaudy chapel, decorated with a profusion of gilding and pillars, painted in imitation of marble. — The sides of this chapel are almost totally covered with pictures of the greatest masters; on the roof is a picture of Christ in perspective, which attracts the attention of the curious; a Salutation, by Guido, is much esteemed. The others are by Champagne, Stella, La Hire, and Le Brun, whose master piece is the picture of the Duchess de la Valiere, mistress to Louis XIV. who had the virtue at thirty years of age to prefer to the arms of a monarch this little convent, where she retired when in the midst of all her glory, and continued in it till her death, which happened thirty six yearts after. Neither intreaties nor threats could prevail on her to return to the King; and when he menaced to burn the convent to the ground, she replied, it would be a means of setting the other nuns at liberty, but that for herself, she would perish in the flames. Her picture is in the character of a Magdalene on her knees, her eyes red, swollen with tears, a drop trickling down her cheek, looking up to heaven, expressing the ur-

most contrition and penitence, with both horror and hope blended in her countenance; her jewels lie scattered at her feet; the inside of her left hand and her right hand and arm seem beyond the power of the pencil; and the picture, taken altogether, is one of the most capital I have ever seen.

In the same street is a miserable convent of English Benedictines, consisting of eighteen members. I saw some of them who appeared not to be more than twenty years of age. In this chapel lies in state that silly fellow James, not yet buried; for his followers, as weak as their master, think that the time will come when his family shall reign again in Britain; he therefore lies ready to be shipped off for England, to sleep with his ancestors in Westminster-abbey.

The portal of St. Gervais (quartier de la Grève) is worthy of attention, though it is so surrounded with houses that you can have but an indifferent view of it. It is composed of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, and

is

is esteemed one of the finest pieces of architecture in Paris.

St. Genevieve de la Couture (rue St. Antoine) a church of regular canons, formerly belonging to the Jesuits; but the King on their expulsion gave it to the royal priory of Couture. The ornaments on the outside of this church are rather heavy and confused: the inside is filled with monuments of fine sculpture.

In the little church of St. Hippolite (fauxbourg de Marcell), in my way to the Gobelins, I found some very tolerable pictures. I looked in by mere accident, having never heard any mention of this church before.

The Holy Chapel adjoining to the Palais Marchand, is a small Gothic structure much admired, built by St. Louis. The windows are of stained glass; the colours remarkably lively, and infinitely superior to the modern windows.

I do

I do not remember having seen any other church worthy your attention: I should therefore conclude this long letter; but as the Sorbonne and the College of Four Nations are remarkable for their chapels, will finish with some account of them.

The Sorbonne was built by Cardinal Rich-lieu, in which are apartments for thirty-six doctors, who judge of the orthodoxy of publications. — But the Cardinal's intention was not, I doubt, so much the cause of religion as of vanity, to erect a building in which might be placed his monument. The church describes a cross, and is paved with variegated marble. In the center of the choir is the tomb of the Cardinal in marble, finely executed. He reclines on a mattress clothed in a loose robe of inimitable drapery. Religion supports his head, while Science sits weeping at his feet. The figures are as large as life, and it is deemed the *chef d'œuvre* of Girardon. The body of the Cardinal, with the mattress and the figure Religion, are all chiselled out of one slab of marble.

The

The grand altar is likewise of marble, over which is a celestial glory, by Le Brun. In the chapel dedicated to the Virgin is her statue in stone, masterly done by Desjardins, or Martin de Jardin, who executed the statue of Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires. You will find in a little adjoining chapel, a picture of St. Anthony preaching in the desert: — he is seated in an armed chair; not a very common convenience in a desert, nor a very proper attitude for a preacher; but his hair is gray, which is, I suppose, to be an apology for his sitting. Coypel is the master, and the piece does him credit.

I have now only to mention the College of Four Nations (rue Mazarin), built by Cardinal Mazarin, and intended as a seminary for the education of children born in France and Germany. The front forms a semicircle, situated on the banks of the Seine opposite the Louvre. The building is in itself magnificent, but chiefly admired for the chapel, the dome of which is remarkable for proportion and the contour. The mausoleum of the
Car-

Cardinal is the work of Coyseyok; he is represented on his knees, with bronze figures of Prudence, Abundance, and Fidelity attending. There are three pictures of Paul Veronese; the Circumcision over the grand altar is well preserved; but the two others are totally spoiled.

There is a good library belonging to the college, which is open on Mondays and Thursdays.

In my next, will finish the description of Paris; at present

Adieu!

Paris.

DEAR

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

I HOPED to have brought the description of Paris within the compass of my last letter, but there are so many particulars to be observed on, that I am afraid you will think this letter long, before I have finished the catalogue of the places *a voir*, as the French term it.

I must begin with the Hospital of Invalids, founded by Louis XIV. for the accommodation of two hundred officers and three thousand soldiers, who here find a tolerable subsistence when worn out with age and infirmities. This building consists of five quadrangles of free stone three stories high, surrounded with piazzas and open galleries over them, which have a most magnificent effect. The greatest curiosity in the dome of the chapel, the noblest structure in the whole city. The grand

grand dome stands upon ten pillars of the Corinthian order, thirty one feet in height. Above these columns are the four Evangelists in fresco, painted by La Fosse. The roof is by Jouvenet in fresco, exhibiting the twelve apostles, with the instruments of their martyrdom. The cupola represents an infinite number of saints and angels adoring the glory in the center, where St. Louis is offering his crown to God: this admirable piece of painting is by La Fosse. The dome is surrounded with four others of inferior size but equal elegance; the pavement is of the choicest marbles, inlaid with wonderful beauty. The grand altar is supported by six twisted pillars covered with gold, over which is a sumptuous canopy. Before the altar is St. Louis, washing the feet of a beggar in embroidery of needle-work of divers colours. The pulpit is gilt in the richest manner; the pictures are indifferent; the Holy Trinity, by Coypel, is much the best.

From the Hospital a grand walk leads to the Seine, with rows of trees on each side.

At

At a small distance is the Military School, founded by the late king, for the education and maintenance of five hundred gentlemen's sons, among whom, those are to have the preference who have lost their fathers in battle; at this place they are perfected in the military sciences, who received the rudiments of their education at La Fleche, in the province of Mayenne.

Adjoining is the Campus Martius, an extensive plain surrounded with a fossé and treble row of trees; it is intended for the royal reviews, and can accommodate eight thousand troops, with space sufficient to exercise them.

This is at the south-western extremity of Paris, from whence I must carry you to the south-east side, to take a view of the Royal Manufactory of Tapestry, called the Gobelins, Fauxbourg de St. Marcell, which is superior to any thing of the kind. To describe their method of working it is impossible. Instead of the threads being horizontal, they are perpendicular. The artists copy pictures, which hang before them, with the minutest exactness, blending

blending every tint with the various coloured worsteds, as easily as the painter can with his pallet and brush. They work on the wrong side, which makes it still more extraordinary; an infinity of bobbins hang from the work, which they change as the picture requires, with the greatest dispatch. The designs are chiefly historical, and are done for the king.

There are many charitable foundations in this city, among which the most considerable is the Hospital General, which is said frequently to contain ten thousand people: it is composed of six distinct houses, into which the patients are placed, according to age, sex, and infirmity.

In the quarter of St. Eustache is the Hall, a new building lately finished, at the expence of the city, for the purpose of a granary, and, it is said, can contain corn enough for a twelve month. This building is circular, of free stone, and has six gates, which front as many different streets; it is surrounded with a circle of houses, whose fronts are of stone,

all.

all built in the same style of elegance and proportion.

There are only four squares in Paris, all inferior in point of size to Grosvenor square, but infinitely more elegant, as the houses are of the same height, and correspond with each other.

The Royal Square is the most ancient, built by Cardinal Richlieu, to perpetuate the glory of Louis XIII. in 1630: it is surrounded with a piazza like Covent-Garden; in the center is an equestrian statue of Louis XIII; the horse is much esteemed, the work of Daniel Ricciarelli; the king is by another hand.

The French say, to make a perfect equestrian statue, Henry the IVth must be placed on Louis the XIIIth's horse. On the pedestal, which is of white marble, are four inscriptions in French and Latin, tending only to perpetuate the name of Richlieu, instead of recording the life of Louis the just.

The next in priority of time is the Place of Victory,

Victory, built by the Duke de la Feuillade, in honour of Louis XIV. in the year 1686; the houses are in the Ionic style, and describe a circle, in the center of which is the statue of Louis the XIVth, on foot, victory crowning him with laurels, and four slaves chained to the pedestal which supports the statue. The sides of the pedestal are crowded with basso relievos, equally beautiful and ostentatious. The inscriptions are in Latin verse, by Sanreuil, the most bombast nonsense that ever disgraced poetry.

The Place of Louis le Grand, or La Place de Vendome, was erected in 1699 to the glory of the same monarch.

This square, or rather circle, is magnificent; the houses are regular, adorned with Corinthian pillars and much ornament; in the center is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. on which the words "Victori perpetuo," are modestly engraved.

The Place of Louis XV. was erected in the year 1763; the statue is by Bouchardon, a
name

name in great repute in France; if his fame depends on this work, the French must be blind or infinitely good natured, for it is most miserably executed; the king is dressed in a Roman garb, on horseback, and the pedestal is supported by the four cardinal virtues, which gave rise to the following pasquinade.

Bouchardon est un animal,

Et son Ouvrage fait pitie;

Il met le vice à cheval,

Et les quatre vertus à pie.

The statue fronts the gardens of the Tuilleries; on one side is the river Seine, on the other a very magnificent façade, in imitation of the front of the Louvre; it is ornamented with colonnades, pillars of the Corinthian order, statues, trophies, &c. but it is at present a mere wall, there being no building behind this superb front.

I believe nothing remains to be mentioned but the three Theatres: the most magnificent of which is the Opera in the palace of the Tuilleries:

Tuilleries : the stage is more spacious than ours ; the scenes are admirably painted , and are let down from above , not shifted in our manner. The orchestra consists of fifty musicians , and I have seen in the grand chorusses one hundred and fifty persons on the stage. They generally act what they call *Fragments*, which are a strange medley of dancing and singing , with detached parts from different stories : I confess they infinitely exceed us both in dancing and singing , as well as in the dress of the actors , and scenery of the house.

The French Comedy is the least esteemed of the three , which shews the vicious taste of the people ; since nothing is acted there but French plays , and those of the best authors : neither are the actors deficient , considering the encouragement they meet with.

The Italian Comedy is much frequented ; no regular plays are acted there , but little musical entertainments , like the *Padlock*, or *Maid of the Mill*.

When

When this company was first licensed they were to act in *Italian* only, that they might not interfere with the French Comedy. But by degrees they have introduced these *petits pieces* with speaking Harlequins, who now and then speak French, and often Italian, by way of keeping within the line of their original institution. Nothing can be more absurd than introducing a dialogue on the stage in two different languages; one speaks in French, the other answers in Italian.

The Pit, or Parterre as it is called, is an inclined plane without a bench, which is always full of poor well dressed people; I say *poor*, because nothing but poverty could induce a man to stand for a whole evening wedged in such a place.

You are never interrupted with riots and disturbances as in England; for centinels with their bayonets fixed, stand in different parts of the theatre, who on the least tumult drag out the delinquent, be he whom he may, and carry him before a magistrate.

K

I had

I had almost forgot to mention the King's Cabinet of Natural Curiosities in the Rue St. Victoire, which on account of the greatness, as well as rareness of the collection, is well worthy notice. It consists of various rooms full of minerals, fossils, and petrifications; of all kinds of wood in small polished pieces; of precious stones, birds, fishes, beasts, and insects, arranged with the utmost regularity. Among many curious things, which I do not recollect having seen before, were the bark of the American fern-tree, which is almost black, and looks like small shells stuck close together; the wolf's eye, a stone as black as jet, and resembling in shape the eye of a wolf. The amiantes, a stone with which thread is made, and some sea-cabbage petrified white.

An uproar in the street has called me to my window, which is of too ludicrous a nature to be omitted. A taylor and the porter of the opposite house were the disputants. The taylor was *lingua melior*, but blows succeeded words, and victory was declaring for the porter, when the taylor fell, but rose like another

ther Antæus from the earth with double vigour,
 having armed his right hand with a stone,
 which in an instant dislodged two of the
 porter's teeth, and concluded the combat; as
 I must my letter, assuring you that I am, my
 worthy friend,

Ever yours.

K a n n a D E A R

Paris.

DEAR SIR,

SUPPOSING you to be tolerably well acquainted with Paris, I must now take you to the places in the neighbourhood; but you must first enter into a contract with the man you hire your carriage of, to keep it for a month; that contract you must take with you, the expence of it is six livres,* a mere form, which does not bind you to keep the coach for a month, but is done to avoid the imposition you otherwise will be subject to, of paying six livres every time you go out of Paris in your carriage. Having obtained your contract, and hired your coach, I would advise you of a Sunday evening to drive to St. Cloud, which is two short leagues from Paris; I prefer Sunday, the gardens being open on that day to all ranks of people; and the peasants of the neighbourhood, and the Bourgeois

* In other words, pay six livres to the King's coach office, for a permit to go out of Paris in your own carriage, which will stand good for a twelvemonth, but you must always have it with you.

geois of Paris, who dance in all parts of the gardens, tend greatly to enliven the scene.

In your way to St. Cloud, you go through the village of Passy, delightfully situated on the edge of a hill washed by the Seine, almost opposite to the Champ de Mars; from this little town you have a good view of Paris.

At a small distance is a hunting-box of the king's, called La Meurette, situated at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne; you will not spend half an hour in walking round the gardens; the avenues are very pleasing, one is terminated by the Chateau of Madrid, built by Francis I. and is the model of the palace in which he was confined in Spain; and was so called to satisfy the conscience of the King, who upon oath promised Charles V. that he would return to Madrid if he did not ratify the treaty; but instead of rendering himself again to confinement in Spain, by a jesuitical evasion unworthy so great a monarch, he built and resided at this palace of Madrid.

In your road from La Meurette, you must

pass through the Bois de Boulogne, a royal forest, full of game, and divided with avenues for the convenience of pursuing it. About a mile beyond this wood is the village of St. Cloud, situated upon the river Seine, six miles west of Paris. In the church is preserved the heart of Henry III. who was basely murdered by Jacques Clement, a friar of the Dominican order, in the year 1589.

Henry III. succeeded his brother Charles IX. who was brother to Francis II. in Henry ended the line of Valois, after a reign of fifteen years in civil war with the Hugonots, under the King of Navarre, and with the league under the Duke of Guise and his brother the Duke of Mayenne.

By virtue of the Salique law, the Crown descended to Henry IV. King of Navarre, the elder branch of the family of Bourbon, descended from Robert Count of Clermont, second son of Louis IX. who, from the piety of his life and innocence of his manners, was called St. Louis. He died in 1270, and left two sons with issue, Philip the Hardy, of the house

house of Valois, and Robert Count of Clermont, of the House of Bourbon. The posterity of Philip reigned three hundred and nineteen years. After the reign of thirteen kings, the Crown devolved by inheritance to Louis XII. who was succeeded by his son Francis I. and from him the Crown devolved to his son Henry II. the father of Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III.

The Palace of St. Cloud belongs to the Duke of Orleans, is situated on the declivity of a mountain washed by the Seine; on the right are the gardens, on the left the town. The view from the house is delightful; the Seine meandering through the vale, which you catch in many different points of view; you look over the Bois de Boulogne, which is a beautiful wood, and the city of Paris terminates the prospect. On Sundays and festivals the house is open to all the world; the rooms consequently are dirty, and the little furniture you see far from elegant. The gallery is a noble apartment, and the statues and paintings in it are well preserved. The paintings are chiefly by Mignard.

The gardens are laid out with much art; the river Seine forms a fine canal at the extremity of the gardens, on the edge of which is a terrace planted with rows of trees. The whole is ornamented with statues, groves, vistas and cascades. There is one jet d'eau, which throws up the water eighty feet. This is in a little bottom surrounded with lofty trees; and the water playing above the tops of them has a very pretty effect.

In these gardens are temporary stalls for the sale of ribbands, toys, cakes, fruit, &c. with moveable pamphlet shops, where (this being a privileged place) you may buy books, which are either from their immorality or irreligion prohibited elsewhere.

The grand entrance to the Palace, from the situation of the hill, is obliged to be oblique, which takes off from the magnificence. This is indeed a defect which could not easily be obviated; but I have never seen a place in France without some glaring absurdity. Here you see a palace which speaks the magnificence of a prince, and a little bason of water in the

the grand court, not large enough for a duck to swim in,

Your next trip may be to St. Denis, which is six short miles from Paris, on a level pavement with a mall on each side shaded with a double row of trees; the road is so straight that you can see from one end of the avenue to the other; St. Denis church terminates the view one way, the Fauxbourgs of Paris the other.

The church and the Benedictine convent are the only things worthy your attention. The church was begun by king Pepin, and has been much altered and enlarged by successive monarchs, which give a patch-work appearance to the outside. The gates are of brass embellished with figures, and much admired for their antiquity. The windows are painted, which gives a gloomy solemnity to this mansion of kings. The nave is a much admired piece of Gothic architecture. I cannot say that I saw any thing either curious or magnificent in the tombs. Some had nothing but antiquity to recommend them, others

were remarkable only for the greatness of the names they were intended to perpetuate; among which was the monument of Marshal Turenne with Charity pouring money from an urn.

The Convent of the Benedictines is a modern edifice of free-stone, and is one of the grandest I have seen. The gardens are extensive, with shady walks and pleasing prospects.

The treasures of the Abbey, if the jewels are not fictitious, must be immense, exclusive of saints bones, apostles fingers, pieces of the real cross, and such like trumpery, which superstition would purchase at a very high rate.

There are some antiques which merit the greatest attention; especially the bust which is of Tiberius on an onyx, larger than a crown piece. The laurel wreath is of the finest auburn, the other parts of the stone as white as snow.

A piece

A piece of rock crystal in an oval shape, seven inches by four, on which is engraved our Saviour upon the cross, with Mary Magdalene and the other Mary weeping on their knees; this is set in gold and adorned with jewels. But the greatest curiosity is an oriental agate made into a cup, which contains above a pint; it has two handles, which are parts of the same stone. The Bacchanals are represented on the outside in basso relievo, executed with a degree of boldness to be equalled only by the ancients; many parts of the figures stand out free from the side of the vase. It is supposed to be two thousand years old, and to have belonged to Ptolemy Philadelphus.

You must now proceed with me to Versailles, four leagues distant from Paris, built by Louis XIV. with more expence than judgment, on an artificial eminence in a swampy valley. You arrive at it by a grand avenue of four rows of trees, the middle walk of which is fifty yards wide. At the end of this avenue,

on the right and left are the stables in form of a crescent, most magnificently built, fronting the palace, at the distance of a quarter of a mile; there are stables for five hundred horses, but the inside is dark and gloomy, and the stalls are divided only by a bail, which is hung too low to be useful, and gives a mean appearance to the whole. The horses, as well for the field as for draught, are chiefly English.

From hence you come to the Parade, well lined with the Dutch and Swiss guards; you then enter the first court, and by an easy ascent proceed to a smaller, through which you pass on to a third, which is paved with black and white marble, having a fountain and a marble basin in the center. On each side of these courts are grand pavilions falling back like the garden front of New College in Oxford, but with a greater number of wings. The roof of the chapel appears above the other buildings, which destroys the uniformity of the view; and some part of the walls are built of brick, which is disgusting to the eye, and diminishes

the grandeur of this amazing pile of building.

The front towards the gardens is wonderfully magnificent, adorned with trophies, busts, statues, and all the ornaments which sculpture could devise. Its whole extent is six hundred yards; in the center of the building is a grand portico a hundred yards in length, supported by marble pillars of exquisite workmanship.

You enter the apartments by a marble staircase, ten yards wide, which is as dirty as an alehouse kitchen; and what is very extraordinary, on the landing place are two or three little stalls, where snuff-boxes and toys are publickly sold: having escaped the civility and importunity of these pedling merchants, you pass through a suite of rooms, where are the soldiers and officers of the guard, into the grand gallery, called Le Brun's gallery; from his having painted on the ceiling the most memorable actions of Louis XIV. from
the

the Pyrenean treaty * to the peace of † Nimeguen.

It is seventy-two yards in length, with seventeen windows fronting the gardens, the same number of looking-glasses on the other side corresponding with the windows; the interstices are filled with statues, some of which are real antiques; of those, Diana and Germanicus are the most striking.

The Chapel would be as elegant as superb, were it not that the windows are plain glass, the outer edges excepted, which are most tawdrily bedecked with yellow flower de luces.

There is an infinite number of pictures by the best hands, but the apartments are in ge-

* The peace of the Pyrenees was concluded between France and Spain in 1659, during the protectorship of Richard Cromwell.

† The grand contracting powers at Nimeguen in 1677 were Louis XIV. Charles II. and King William, then Prince of Orange. Spain and Sweden and plenipotentiaries there, but were not principals in the treaty,

neral

neral so gloomy, that you see them with little satisfaction.

The family of Darius at Alexander's feast, by Le Brun, is in the marble saloon, at the end of which is painted the Apotheosis of Hercules, by Le Moine, in which piece are a hundred and forty figures.

St. Michael and the Devil, by Raphael.

St. Sebastian, by Vandyke.

Hercules on the funeral pile; Hercules fighting the Hydra, and the Centaur and Dejanira, by Guido.

These were the pictures which most pleased me. In the Hall of Venus is an antique statue of Cincinnatus, which ought to be studied, the better to judge of the great inferiority of the moderns.

Some part of the furniture is amazingly rich; as golden candlesticks, a chandelier of rock

rock crystal, which can be penetrated only by a diamond, and a golden clock of curious mechanism; before it strikes the hour, two cocks clap their wings and crow, two folding doors fly open, and the statue of Louis XIV. comes forward, an angel descends and crowns him, the clock strikes, the angel retires in a flying attitude, the king withdraws, the doors close, and the show is over. All the figures are of solid gold, and the statue of the King is a model of his statue in the Place des Victoires, with the *viro immortalis* on the pedestal and the conquered kingdoms chained beneath his feet.

The apartments are dirty, which cannot be wondered at, when you are told that all the world rove about the palace at pleasure: I went from room to room as my choice directed me, into the king's bed-chamber, dressing room, &c. in all of which were numbers of people, and many but indifferently clad. But these are the little privileges for which the people have bartered their liberties; and I doubt not but an order to prohibit any one's entering

entering the palace, as is the case at Buckingham House, would raise as great a tumult among them, as with us the annihilating the trial by jury, or any other great constitutional law.

Having stayed in the palace as long as you please, you may walk into the gardens with as little molestation, where you will find as much to admire; there is such a profusion of water, statues, water works and marble, that the eye is sated with magnificence. Opposite to the center of the palace is a canal sixteen hundred yards long, on which are many pleasure-boats; in another point of view you see the orangery, which covers at least one acre of ground, the trees large and full of fruit, planted in tubs, which, when the severe weather comes on, are removed into vaults designed for that purpose.

As you stand above the orangery you will be struck with a most beautiful amphitheatre, formed by trees rising one above the other; beyond which is a spacious piece of water. All the steps, nay, the basons and edges of the canals.

canals and reservoirs are entirely of marble. Statues in every part, of astonishing beauty, but all the male statues are mutilated, by the express order of the late Queen; they, like our first parents, were naked and not ashamed; but the Queen having tasted of the tree of knowledge, ordered the statues to be unmaned, and the defects to be concealed with fig-leaves.

The most beautiful statues are opposite to the front of the house beyond the first basin. Castor and Pollux: Milo of Crotona, with one hand in the cleft of a tree, while a lion is fastening on his buttocks; but in this is a palpable defect; his legs are very properly set against the root of the tree, his knees straightened, his body leaning back, as endeavouring to extricate his hand, the arm of which by a strange oversight is in a bent position.

Perseus delivering Andromeda; the dying Gladiator supporting himself with one hand on the ground, the other elbow leaning on his thigh, with drops of blood issuing from his side;

side; this is, in my opinion, the finest figure in the gardens.

An Apollo Belvidere, a dying Cleopatra, and the Rape of Proserpine enclosed with arcades of marble, which is called the colonnade.

The Baths of Apollo are most justly admired, where Louis XIV. is represented under the character of Apollo, attended by his six favourite mistresses; on each side is a group, consisting of a man preventing a horse from drinking in the basin below; the thirst of the horse is most naturally expressed, his knees bent, his head and neck extended, his nose pushed forwards, as endeavouring to suck up the water which he cannot reach.

In one part of the gardens is a thick labyrinth, in which are interspersed the fables of Æsop cast in lead, which are contrived to spout out water in a thousand different shapes.

The two Kellers, Marli, Bernini, Girardon, Tuby, and Dominic Gendi, executed the chief
of

of the figures for the water-works. The basin of Neptune is infinitely superior in magnificence to the other water-works; it is on the right-hand of the garden front.

There is a jet d'eau that rises seventy-eight feet, which spouts out of the mouth of Enceladus oppressed by the weight of a mountain.

At the extremity of the gardens on the right of the grand canal is the beautiful little palace of Trianon, built in the Italian taste, only one story high, but entirely of marble; the front extends a hundred and twenty yards, and the wings are joined by a colonnade formed of twenty-two marble pillars, adorned with sculpture, and the entablature is embellished with statues. There are few things within the house which merit particular observation. They shew you a porphyry table, said to be the best in Europe; there is likewise a good map of France described on a table, by being inlaid with different coloured marbles; and another marble table, on which is a butterfly inlaid so naturel, and the colours so rich, that it requires a nice eye to avoid being deceived.

There

There are two excellent pictures ; the one of the Count de Thoulouse , bastard of Louis XIV. in the character of a sleeping Cupid , by Mignard ; the other is St. Louis kneeling , by Coypel.

If I had not just seen the gardens of Versailles , I should have admired the water-works and statues here ; notwithstanding which I cannot help being struck with Laocoon and his sons , a noble group , copied from the antique , by Tuby.

Within a stone's throw of this palace , the late King built another , called Little Trianon , neither so elegant nor magnificent ; but is seemed to be the foible of the late monarch to waste his treasures on his mistresses and buildings , though he was too old for the one , and had no taste for the other.

It is a pleasant walk of three short miles from Trianon to Marli , in which you will probably see more game than you ever saw in England.

Just within the gardens is the house of the
Swiss ,

Swiss, where you may get a good dinner and tolerable wine, which, if you please, they will serve up in any part of the gardens.

The house was built by Louis XIV. after the design of the celebrated Mansart; the situation is in the bosom of a vale, on each side are six pavilions, of two rooms each, almost hid by the trees; these are destined for the reception of the princes of the blood and the great officers of state, during the king's residence here, which is generally for six weeks in the year. The octagon hall is the only room in the house that looks princely, though the whole is built in an admirable taste.

There are some fine pictures, by Vandermeulen, representing the sieges of Maestricht, Chambray, &c.

The other pictures have no great merit; but the history of Don Quixote in the Gobelin tapestry, exceeds most pictures, as well in the justness of the figures as liveliness of the colours.

The face of the fat cook in the red night-cap laughing at Don Quixote for breaking the

the puppets, and the archness of Sancho's countenance when laughing at Mambrino's helmet, are inimitable, as is the tail of a peacock over the door of Madam Adeiaide's apartment.

The gardens are enchanting; the scenes picturesque; the water-works magnificent; the statues in general excellent, but two or three which surpass description.

The Venus de Medicis, with Cupid astride a dolphin, near the house of the Swifs at the end of the avenue.

Behind the second pavilion on the left of the house, is a group of two children and a goat, in Italian marble, by Sarazins, worth coming from England to see. One boy is represented sitting on the goat and holding him by the horn, with a laughing countenance, while the other, all attention, is cramming a cluster of grapes into the mouth of the goat, who seems pleased with the deliciousness of the fruit, but angry at the rough manner in which it is given.

Near

Near this is the celebrated statue of Venus aux belles Fesses; she is looking over her shoulder at her buttocks, which are uncovered; such grace, such symmetry, and elegant proportion, could only live in the sculpture's imagination, for neither woman or goddess were ever half so admirably formed. The drapery is equally to be admired.

Both the palaces and gardens of Marli and Versailles are furnished with water by a vast machine fixed on a branch of the Seine, about midway between Marli and St. Germain: just above Marli is a large reservoir, with an aqueduct, between six and seven hundred yards in length, built of free-stone and supported by arcades; from hence the water is conveyed in large iron pipes of about fourteen inches diameter, to the reservoir at Versailles.

It will be worth the trouble to walk down to the river, and trace the pipes to their source. The Chevalier de Ville was the inventor; the first expence must have been enormous; the repairs are said to amount to twenty five thousand pounds annually;

annually ; I verily believe that Mr. Brindley would, for that sum, contract to convey the water to those palaces, we are so infinitely superior in the mechanical arts. This machine raises six hundred cubical inches of water to the height of three hundred and sixty feet : as I am not an adept in drawing, and as it is almost impossible to make you comprehend it without a plate of it, your curiosity must remain ungratified till I have the pleasure of explaining it in person.

It is not above two miles from thence to the palace of St. Germain, which is situated on a mountain twelve miles distant from Paris. Had Louis XIV. expended half the treasure in erecting a palace there, which he did at Versailles, it must have been superior to any thing in Europe: there is a lofty mountain at St. Germain, washed by the river Seine, looking over a delightful country to Paris: Mount Calvary, St. Denis, and a vast reach of the river are comprehended in one view; a forest of six thousand acres adjoins to the palace, and a grand terrace of three thousand paces, which overlooks the

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whole

whole country. This is the situation of St. Ger-
mains, which Louis XIV. had not sense enough
to admire, but preferred Versailles, which was so
boggy that he was obliged to make a hill to
build on, which has no prospect of two miles
extent, and which has all the inconveniences of
a low and damp situation; at the same time
that the water is obliged to be brought from
six miles distance.

Having seen the prospect, you have seen every
thing at St. Germain, except a picture, by
Pouffin, and St. Louis giving alms, by Le Brun,
which are in the chapel. In the sacristy are
two most admirable pieces, the one of the Vir-
gin Mary feeding the infant Jesus; St. John
lying on his hands and knees blowing with his
mouth the fire of the chafing dish, on which
stands the pap pan; this is by Michael Angelo;
the other is by Caracci, of the Virgin holding
a dead Christ in her arms, with her head bend-
ing over his face in a most moving and expref-
sive attitude.

The palace is an old brick quadrangle, very
nar-

narrow, flanked with four large towers, and surrounded with a dry ditch; it was built by Francis I. and is now inhabited by different families, chiefly English, descended from those who by more than human weakness abandoned their fortunes and their country with their idiot king, who had neither policy to keep, nor courage to defend that crown which by inheritance descended to him.

Chateaufneuf is a little place built by Louis XIV. at the distance of two or three hundred paces, as little worth seeing as the palace.

The last of the king's palaces, that I shall recommend to you to see, is Choisi, a neat little hunting-box, about six miles from Paris, situated on the banks of the Seine. The gardens are agreeable, not magnificent; the apartments convenient, but neither rich nor elegant: There is one dining-room in which no servants are admitted to attend, the table being so contrived as to render their presence unnecessary; when the first course is over, the king stamps his foot, the table disappears, and another immediately

rises through the floor covered with dishes. There are four dumb-waiters loaded with wines, on each of which is a piece of paper and pencil, to write for what is wanted; a signal is given, the dumb waiter descends, and again makes its appearance with the article required.

Adieu!

DEAR

Rouen.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE I told you in my last, that I threatened leaving my friends for two or three days, and intended an excursion to Rouen in Normandy, being sick of Paris and its pleasures; but as I could not meet with any of my countrymen who wanted half a chaise and an agreeable companion I was determined to try the humours of a French stage coach; I took a place therefore in the Rouen stage, which runs in the Rue Pavée pres les grands Augustins; to the price I could have no objection, it being only half a guinea; though I was not quite so well satisfied as to the time, it being two days and a half going ninety miles.

Our company consisted of two reformed Benedictines, an old officer of invalids, two curés, a fat old woman, a lively widow, with an Italian physician and his daughter; you perhaps will wonder how so large a party could be accom-

modated; in respect to myself, as I had taken the second place, I ousted a Benedictin, who had seated himself in a very snug corner, to shew him, that though a stranger, I knew the customs, and though an Englishman, had sense enough to choose a good place for myself. Stage-coach law differs in France, for you choose your place in the coach by seniority, for which you refer to the book-keeper, who tells you which name is first entered.

This thing, which they call a coach, is of a circular form, with room for ten persons, if well packed together; both before and behind are two immense baskets covered with sail cloth, for the carriage of parcels; so that the tout ensemble appears like a coach between two tilted waggons. It is drawn with eight horses, attended by a coachman and a postillion, both on foot; they travel at the rate of three miles an hour; the coachman as arbitrary as his monarch, and we, the poor passengers, were obliged to be as abject as his subjects. I got out at St. Germain with the Italian doctor, and as we were not afraid of the coach driving away from us, welounged a-foot, for some miles, through the forest

forest of St. Germain; In the evening we arrived at Mante', which is only thirteen leagues from Paris, though we were in the coach at four in the morning: the zeal of the Benedictins made my first day's journey rather unpleasant; they were proselyte mad, and were extremely earnest in their endeavours to save me from damnation. They would make me dispute, however unwilling I appeared to enter the lists; I told them it was not my profession; neither had it been my study; that I was talking in a language of which I knew but little, and in a country where I did not wish to give offence: they said it was only by way of conversation; and after having battled over most of the sacraments, they asked me if I believed in transubstantiation; I answered, that I could not believe that our Saviour had eaten his own body at the Last Supper, and that his disciples had made a meal on the master of the feast; their answer was, that I wanted faith; „Voilà la “Raison” added one, with all the arrogance of triumph; my patience was exhausted with so much bigotry and insufferable ignorance; “Gentlemen, my hat,” which I happened to be

twirling on my finger, "speaks French extremely well." A stare of surprise was the consequence of the assertion, which immediately gave way to a contemptuous smile: "Gentlemen, you do not believe me, you want faith; "Voila la Raïson!" It was conclusive, for they ceased all further impertinence, and were very civil during the remainder of the journey.

I slept at Mante, in a four bedded room, with my two Benedictins and the old invalid Captain; the devotion of my fellow disputants was extremely troublesome, as they kept walking up and down the room for an hour, repeating pater nosters and ave-marias as hastily as a child repeats the alphabet, and seemingly with as much attention.

The Farmer-general has an elegant house about two leagues from Mante, on the banks of the Seine, but the situation is too low to be comfortable in the winter, or wholesome at any time.

Vernon is six leagues from Mante, where is a magnificent

magnificent Chateau, built by Cardinal Amboise, Archbishop of Rouen; this palace is annexed to the Archbishoprick, and in point of situation (being on a hill which commands the Seine and an extensive country), as well as in the grandeur of the building, is esteemed among the first seats in France. We slept last night at Vaudreuil, remarkable only for a house belonging to Mr. Partail, President of the Parliamant of Paris: when compared to a great man's seat in England, it has no superior merit, but it is otherwise here, where you can scarce see aught but Chateaus in ruins.

We rose this morning at two o'clock, that we might get into Rouen (at the distance only of eighteen miles) before the heat came on, which had been intolerable for the last two days; we got here to breakfast, and I am, so thoroughly surfeited with a stage, that nothing shall tempt me to enter one again.

I have been walking the whole day, and so much fatigued, that I know not whether I shall be able to give you a tolerable account of this, the third city in France. It is the capital of Normandy, situated on the banks of the Seine,

twenty-nine leagues from Paris, and twelve from Dieppe. The inhabitants are very industrious, and are computed at sixty thousand. The form of the town is almost a square, containing thirty-seven parishes and forty convents; the streets are infamously narrow, and the houses irregular and vilely built.

The Cathedral is a noble remnant of Gothic magnificence; the form of the spire resembles a card-house; it is covered with lead and has a most striking effect.

Here is George Amboise's bell, which is ten feet in diameter, and weighs thirty six thousand pounds. The grand altar is under two twisted pillars gilt, surrounded with clouds and angels; brazen gates ornamented with well-executed statues inclose the upper part of the choir.

St. Maclon and St. Ouen are venerable Gothic churches; the first is noted for its beautiful gates, which time has much impaired; the other for the strong and lively colours of the windows, but especially for the tower, which is deemed most beautiful.

The

The greatest curiosity in this city is the Bridge of Boats, two hundred and seventy yards long, paved with stones, which rises and falls with the tide. It was contrived by Nicholas Bougeois, an Augustin friar; the boats are placed a broadside of each other, with an axle at each end, that runs in a groove made in an immense pile, which is driven into the bed of the river; by these means the boats have only a perpendicular motion, and each boat having a separate pavement solves the difficulty, which staggers belief at the first mention.

I strolled into the *Marché aux Veaux*, to see the statue of Joan of Arc, who was there barbarously burnt to death by the English, for no other crime than endeavouring to save her country. I know not whether the credulity of the French, or the cruelty of the English, is most a matter of astonishment.

When I was speaking of the bridge I forgot to mention a most delightful walk on the other side of it, a mile in extent, on the banks of the Seine, shaded with lofty trees, with a view of the hills, which encircle the place, and on your return you see the city of Rouen, with masts of

vessels peeping up as it were in the town, for by taking out one of the boats of the bridge, which is done with little trouble, the ships sail through and moor close to the backs of the houses.

I shall leave this place to-morrow morning, and, as I intend riding post, hope to sup with my friends at Paris in the evening, though the distance is almost ninety miles.

Adieu !

DEAR

Calais.

DEAR SIR,

THE day before I left Paris I was fully employed in hiring a coach, for which I gave six guineas to Mr. Paschall, in obtaining an order from the post-master general to be furnished on the road with six horses, in getting a passport from our ambassador to return without molestation, and in obtaining another passport signed by the King of France, and counter-signed by the Duke de ———, to permit a poor Englishman to return to his own country, after having spent all the money he had brought with him.

On Sunday the twenty-fourth we bid adieu to Paris, passed through St. Denis, which I have already mentioned to you, made a short stay at Escouen, which, in point of situation, is a lovely place; it is built on a hill, which commands the whole country towards Chantilly, with the

Seine

Seine running on one side, the Oise on the other. The Constable Montmorenci, who was disgraced by Francis I. built a castle there, which now belongs to the Prince of Condé. There are three stories, of the Doric, Ionic, and Attic orders, well preserved. The castle is square, with pavilions and turrets at each angle.

From thence we went to Chantilly, another palace belonging to the Prince of Condé. This family bears the title of Prince of Condé and Duke of Bourbon alternately.

The castle is triangular, within a spacious court, without a large moat which surrounds it. The approach is over a draw-bridge, and it is defended by cannon.

The apartments are small, and the communications from one room to another are awkward. The billiard and music rooms are fitted up in the richest manner. The floors are of marble, the ceilings painted and gilt. The gallery is ornamented with the battles of Louis XIII. and XIV. but is too narrow for its length.

There

There is in this room a marble table of inimitable workmanship, inlaid with different coloured marbles, and describing the siege of Barcelona as accurately as if done by the brush of a painter.

The Cabinet of Curiosities is superior to any private collection I have seen. The Cabinet of Natural Philosophy is particularly rich in minerals and fossils. Titian and Paul Veronese are the only names of note in his collection of pictures, which is unequal to a Prince whose domains are one hundred miles in circumference.

The gardens are full of orange trees, jet d'eau and water-works. The park is diversified with water, bridges, wildernesses, statues, temples, and in short, with every thing that money can purchase; notwithstanding which, I am so partial to Stowe Gardens, that I cannot but give them the preference; at Chantilly nature is lost in art; at Stowe art has ever nature in her view.

The Menagerie is very extensive, but ill stocked; the walls are covered with green lattice work,

work, between which all kinds of flowers are occasionally interwoven so as entirely to conceal the wall. This was a refinement in elegant expence, which I had not the least idea of.

The Stables are more magnificent than a palace; they form a quadrangle built of the finest stone, one side is a stable containing two hundred and forty English horses; in the center of it there are the statues of two sea-horses, in marble, vomiting water into a large cistern. The Prince often drives through the stable in his carriage when he comes to view his stables.

The Manege is equally grand, it forms a rotund of prodigious extent, but is left open to the sky.

There was an infinite variety of carriages for state, convenience, and the chase; among the latter, I must mention one of a construction most whimsically odd. It was made like a chair with a head to it, but on each shaft was a seat resembling the back of a horse, terminating with a horse's head; five persons can sit astride on each shaft, one behind the other. In this manner I saw the Prince of Condé, the Dukes

Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, with others of the nobility, go to the chace.

From Chantilly we went to Clermont, where we slept. This is a small town in the Isle of France, situated on a hill, at the foot of which runs the little river de Breche. The Duke of Fitz-James has a chateau there built in the Gothic style, but much out of repair; the situation is low and damp; the environs are gloomy, consisting of straight walks through thick groves, plenty of water not advantageously dis-

We left Clermont at six in the morning, breakfasted at Breteuil, a little dirty insignificant town; dined at Amiens which is the capital of Picardy, about midway between Paris and Calais, situated on the river Somme, three branches of which run through the town.

The streets are regular, the houses tolerably built, and the people, who are computed to be thirty five thousand, wore a face of industry not often seen in an inland town in France.

There are some noble walks adjoining to the city ;

city; and the grand mall is deemed inferior only to the mall at Tours.

The cathedral of Notre Dame was built by the English, and remains a noble monument of British magnificence. The nave of the church is a finished piece of architecture, two hundred and thirteen feet long; the choir is a hundred and fifty-three feet in length, and equally admired for its proportion. The present bishop and one of the canons of the church have expended above four thousand pounds sterling in ornamenting the grand altar. It represents heaven opened, with the clouds and angels partly in painting and partly in basso relievo.

On one side of the altar is St. John, on the other the Virgin Mary in stone, as large as the life. On the altar are seven candlesticks of massive silver. Around the altar piece are the statues of six angels, holding cornucopias in their hands, which serve for candlesticks. In the choir are four cedar pillars thirty feet high, carved in the most curious manner. The filligree is so slight as to appear unable to support its own weight, and what is still more extraordinary,

ordinary, they are four single trees without a nail or a drop of glue.

The church is rich in curiosities and precious relicks; among the former was the head of St. John in pure gold, which was regarded as nothing in comparison with a relick which was deemed invaluable, I mean the identical finger of the unbelieving Thomas, which pierced our Saviour's side; I confess I was weak enough to prefer the mammon of unrighteousness to the treasure of the apostle, especially as the golden ring was ornamented with an infinite number of jewels; the offerings of the weak and the wicked, who hoped to bribe heaven with trash they could no longer enjoy.

Having satisfied our curiosity and appetites, we proceeded on our journey through Peuligny, a small town built on a hill, and watered by the Somme; from the church you have an extensive view of the country, and at about five miles distance you see a Benedictine convent, called Du Garde, built on the edge of a river, which has a very magnificent appearance.

In

In the evening we arrived at Abbeville, the capital of Ponthieu, in the province of Picardy, situated only fourteen miles from the English channel; the town is low, and the country round it marshy; it is divided by the river Somme, and is called the *maiden town*, because it never has been taken, which is to me a matter of wonder, as it is in the neighbourhood of Cressy, and must have followed the fate of that battle, had Edward thought it an object worthy of his attention.

We breakfasted this morning at Montreuil, which is most agreeably situated on a circular hill, surrounded with a wall and fossé; the vale below is watered by the river Canche. This town was taken by the Duke of Marlborough.

We next passed Samers, a little dirty town, with nothing in it to be observed but a Benedictine convent reputed rich.

We dined at Boulogne, the capital of the Boulonnois, and see of a bishop, whose revenue is

is near a thousand pounds a year; it is divided into the upper and lower town.

The Upper Town is pleasantly situated on an eminence, commands the whole country, and has a distinct view of the English coast.

The Lower Town is built on the side of a hill, and runs down to the river Liane, at the mouth of which is a dangerous harbour.

This town is exempted from the gabelle on the most oppressive tax; from whence arose the indulgence I could not learn.

About midway between Boulogne and Calais, we passed Wissant, called by Caesar, Iclus Portus, from whence he embarked for Britain.

At length we arrived at Calais, and blessed ourselves that the journey is over. From Chantilly the road has been in every respect disagreeable, up hill and down, in many places dirty, in others ill-paved—the whole country open—scarce a hedge to be seen, no carriages on the road,

road, no appearance of traffic, no gentlemen's seats, few towns, and but now and then a straggling village swarming with beggars; a dreary prospect indeed, where every object betrayed the strongest symptoms of poverty and distress.

Calais is only eight leagues from Dover, and thirty-two posts from Paris, situated in the country of Artois and generality of Amiens. I confess my surprise to see a place which has been so often mentioned in history, which withstood the army of Edward III. for near months, and which made so considerable a figure in the treaty of Chateau Cambresis, in 1559, so contemptible as it at present appears. Its situation at that period was deemed so strong, and its fortifications so impregnable, that for the space of two hundred and ten years no monarch of France had been daring enough to attack it, from the time of Edward III. till the entreprising valour of the Duke of Guise in 1559 compelled Lord Wentworth to surrender.

The town is small, the streets are narrow, and

and the fortifications trifling. There is indeed a fosse, which can be filled either with salt or fresh water, and a citadel advantageously situated to annoy the enemy from every quarter; I was not allowed to enter it, but it seemed incapable of making any material defence.

The barracks, built by Louis XIV. can accommodate twelve hundred men; the outside of the windows are surrounded with tenter-hooks, many of which were loaded with sheep hinges, rather offal for the use of the soldiery. I was not which most to admire, their food or their quarters.

The church dedicated to the Invocation of the Virgin, is built in form of a cross, and ornamented with eleven chapels. The grand altar is decorated with two basso relievos in alabaster; the one represents the Manna showered from Heaven; the other, the Lord's Supper. Both of them are well executed.

I have just seen the Captain of the Packet, who comforts me by saying that the wind is in our teeth, and we cannot get out of the harbour till

till it changes. If we are weather-bound here to morrow I will dedicate it to the request you made me in your last, by giving you some account of the manners and customs of the people; but should the wind prove fair, we shall early in the morning take leave of this nation of levity and good humour, which I shall most gladly exchange for the more solid understanding and rational manners of my own country.

Adieu!

DEAR

Calais.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE hitherto troubled you with descriptions of towns and palaces, which every six-penny pamphlet on the subject would probably have given you a juster idea of; as you paid me the compliment to think otherwise, I submitted; but you request at present a much more arduous task; long usage and much observation are requisite to speak with tolerable precision on the manners and customs of a people. Though I have been twice in France, yet my residence here has been so short, that I could scarce learn the language, you therefore must expect no observations from me, but such as were so striking that even inattention could not fail to remark — I believe the climate of France to be the most healthy, the soil the most fruitful, and the face of the country the most pleasing in the universe; and I hope, for the honour of human nature, that its inhabitants are the vainest and most illiterate. Can you believe that this all sufficient

M

cient people, who look on the rest of Europe with contempt, are in most of the mechanic arts at least a century behind the *savage* English, as they affect to term us? In their tapestry, looking-glasses, and coach varnish, they are confessedly our superiors; but their carriages are more clumsy than our dung-carts; their inns inferior to an English alehouse; their floors both above and below, of brick or a kind of plaster, without carpets; their joists unceiled, the windows without pullies, drawn up to a certain height, where they catch a hook which prevents their falling; the tables consist of three or four planks nailed together, and the houses are totally destitute of every kind of elegance, I had almost said convenience; I do not mean to include the houses of the opulent great, as money will purchase the elegant superfluities of every country. But in this situation you will find the inns and the houses of the gentry and tradesmen. Their gardens are most uniformly dull, but in these they condescend to follow those standards of taste the Dutch. Sandy walks at parallel lines between yew hedges, parterres tortured into form, and surrounded

rounded with the lively box, and trees planted at equal distances, will give you a just idea of a French garden; I ought to have added, that they blend the utile dulci; for I remember the parterres in the gardens of the bishop and intendant of Anjou were prettily diversified with garlick, onions, and other useful vegetables. They are such slaves to fashion, that they have eight different seasons in the year for dress, which they carry to such excess of folly, that they descend even to the minutia of a ruffle; and a man's character would be ruined, were not the lace of his ruffles adapted to the season of the year.

Their conversation consists in compliments and observations on the weather; no flattery is too gross for them either to offer or receive; they will talk for ever, but never pay the least attention to what you say. The barber and the looking-glass employ their whole time within doors, and walking in a sandy mall is all their entertainment without: one of these things, the moment it enters the room, pays its respects to the glass, and views the pretty

M 2

fellow

fellow with wonderful satisfaction. His hat, if a thing of six inches in circumference deserves the name, is always carried in his hand, but in this the French are humble imitators of their tutelary Saint Denis, who has refined upon politeness, by carrying, instead of a hat, his head in his hand, at least he is thus pourtrayed in all the statues I have seen of him. — *

Nothing is more common than to see gentlemen ornamented with ear-rings, while their shirts are facking, and their heads a dunghill.

In some instances they are as neat, as filthy in others. At table you have a clean napkin

* Voltaire, in a note in his *Pucelle d'Orleans* says —
 « L'Abbé Hildouin fut le premier qui écrivit, que cet Evêque ayant été décapité porta sa tête entre ses bras de Paris, jusqu'à l'Abbaye qui porte son nom: on érigea ensuite des croix dans tous les endroits où ce saint s'était arrêté en chemin. — Le Cardinal Polignac contant cette histoire à une marquise, & ajoutant que Denis n'avait eu de peine à porter sa tête que jusqu'à la première station; cette dame lui répondit; *Ja le crois bien, il n'y a dans de telles affaires qui le premier pas qui coûte.*

and

and clean plates , but your knife is never changed nor wiped. A common bourgeois will not drink out of the same cup with you , though a nobleman will spit over your room with the greatest unconcern.

I have seen a lady through excess of delicacy hide her mouth while she used a tooth-pick ; and to preserve the character entire , she has the next moment scratched her head with the sharp pointed knife she was eating with.

Ladies of fashion alone have the privilege of making themselves horrible , which they most effectually do , by applying a large patch of rouge or vermillion under each eye , the shape and colour at the discretion of the wearer. The only pretty women I have seen are among the trading people , who are not allowed to disfigure themselves , neither are they obliged to be in the sun , which makes the peasants an antidote to the loosest libertine. I ought to tell you , that all ranks of women , to convince you that they have neither feeling nor common sense , never wear a hat ; it may be extraordinary , but

not less true, for a hat they never wear ; they seem as regardless of their heels as their heads, for slippers without quarters are the general wear ; notwithstanding which, it is amazing how well they dance and how firm they walk. I do not include the peasants ; they, poor devils, have no stockings, and wear large wooden shoes, lined sometimes with a piece of sheep-skin to prevent galling the instep, but that is a piece of luxury you seldom meet with.

In every branch of agriculture the farmers are incredibly deficient ; but can it be wondered at, when you consider there are no inducements for improvement ? The nobility and clergy are exempted from the land-tax, a heavy assessment, which consequently must fall on the occupier. The gabel on salt is likewise extremely burthensome ; for every family is obliged to buy annually in the proportion of two bushels and a half to ten persons, which, if not consumed within the year, must not be sold. Add to this, that the seignior or lord (for all lands are held by vassalage) exacts *ad arbitrium* from his tenants.

tenants. To what purpose then are improvements, when the king or the lord will reap all the fruit of the farmer's industry and labour? Hence arises that misery so conspicuous in every farm. I have often seen a half starved cow and an ass ploughing in the same yoke; and I have heard it asserted as a fact, that a pig and an ass are sometimes ploughing together; but I can scarce believe that two such opinionated animals could be induced to work together with any degree of society. In some of the provinces the little farmers who have no barns, and can afford to build none, are obliged to thrash out the grain in the field where it grows, to their great loss in the best of weather; in a wet season, to their utter ruin. For want of money to purchase waggons, they are obliged to carry both their corn and their hay on the backs of their cattle; and it is with much ingenuity they will load a horse till you can see only his head and feet. These are the unavoidable consequences of poverty; some other instances seem the result of ignorance. For example, the cattle draw entirely with their horns; a board of two

inches wide is fixed on their horns, and a cord is tied to each end, which is fastened to the cart; this is their method of drawing; a more uncouth method could not have been followed in the days of king Pepin.

They wash their linen in a river, by dipping it into the running stream, then placing it on a block or stone, and beating it with a board like a battledore. Such proofs of ignorance would surpass belief, did not the notoriety of them exact your credit. Even in Paris I have seen men hold a saw between their legs, and rub a stick of wood against it till it was sawed asunder.

In the whole city of Paris there is not a flat stone to walk on, nor a post to guard you from the carriages, which are so numerous, and the streets so narrow, that the foot passengers are never out of danger.

The lamps hang in the center of the streets on cords, which are fixed to the opposite houses: if the cord breaks, the lamp is destroyed, as well

as the un fortunate person who is passing under at the time.

To light a lamp is the business of two men, the one lowers it, while the other light it, which forms a temporary barrier across the streets, a method awkward as inconvenient.

Two men likewise are required to shoe a poor little bider; one smith holds the horse's hoof, while the other drives the nail,

The police of France, so much admired by travellers, is in many instances wonderfully deficient: the whole kingdom swarms with beggars, an evidence of poverty, as well as defect in the laws. This observation was confirmed at every inn I came to, by crowds of wretches, whose appearance spake their misery. I have often passed from the inn door to my chaise through a file of twenty or thirty of them; even the churches are infested with them, and I have seen many a devotee in the midst of her devotions interrupted by their importunity.

Duelling, it is said, is punished with death: — If two persons (I will not say gentlemen, for every rascal wears a sword, and knows the use of it) fight in a house, or meet by appointment, the survivor must be hanged; for the king solemnly swears at his coronation not to pardon such offenders. But every duel is construed a rencontre; that is, the parties meet as by accident, and then the murderer escapes unpunished, the dead being always in the wrong, the survivor pleading that he killed his adversary in his own defence. The regiment of Carabineers, when quartered at Angers, in the space of four years, gave upwards of an hundred instances of what I have advanced; the civil magistrates were silent; their officers rather countenanced the practice. Add to this, a custom truly diabolical, if a gentleman strikes another, his blood alone is not sufficient atonement, nothing but death can expiate the offence.

From an ill-timed parsimony in the laws, murder frequently escapes justice, for the relations of the deceased must be at the expence of apprehending and prosecuting the criminal. If

a man

a man of rank commits murder, his greatness will be his safeguard, and he may almost depend on pardon.

If you are robbed on the highway, you lose both your money and your life, but this seldom happens, as there is in every large town a *maréchaussée* established, which is a horse patrol of six or eight persons, whose sole employ it is to patrol the roads and protect the traveller. The roads are excellent, and untaxed with turn-pikes; but these the poor peasants are obliged to make and to repair by the sweat of their brow, without even the prospect of advantage accruing to them from their labour.

Their religion seems calculated for the vulgar, and is rather to amuse than to amend. It consists of trumpery saints and tinsel ornaments; in prayers estimated by their number, more than for the devotion with which they are offered. The Virgin Mary is adored with all the superstition of idolatry, while the Saviour of mankind is almost unnoticed, unless by being gibbeted in

every public road, a profanation equally impious and absurd. The priests hurry over the service, which is in Latin, lest it should be understood by the congregation, in the most slovenly manner; they are illiterate to a degree of contempt; the clergy are in general unacquainted with the Greek characters, and most who profess a knowledge of the Latin tongue, are strangers to the elegance of the language. Indeed, I think illerature seems to be the national misfortune; the infinite number of notaries in Paris will justify my observation.

When I was at Angers, there were in that city four thousand religious of both sexes, who had dedicated their lives or idleness, under the different shapes of Nuns, Mendicants, and Benedictines, and who were prohibited what the Deity has himself enjoined: "Increase and multiply." What immense numbers then must there be in the whole kingdom, who are restrained population, in which consist the great riches as well as power of a state. If the passions cannot be subdued, what scenes of iniquity must

must follow ! The nuns drink a liquor called volet, which freezes the blood, and quells those desires which might otherwise intrude on female minds; but I fear they are often obliged to call in the ecclesiastical power to their aid, and find a pampered friar to be more efficacious than rivers of volet.

All ranks of people celebrate Sunday in merriment and dissipation, and it is the genteel day for routs and the playhouse. Their festivals are out of number, which are commemorated by idleness and pageantry, making no difference between the Feast of God's heart, or the commemoration of parson Berenger*, and celebrating, with equal magnificence, the Feast of the Virgin Mary and the whore of Orleans.

* On the 18th of June an annual festival is kept at Angers, to commemorate the adjuration of Berenger, Archdeacon of Angers, who had been guilty of writing against the real presence. — It draws the whole province together. — The procession, when I was there, consisted of upwards of four thousand people, who walked at noon-day with torches in their hands, preceded by many groups of waxen images, representing various parts of the Old and New Testament, dressed a-la-mode in laced coats, negligees, &c.

The

The good qualities of the French are confined in very narrow compass; they are lively; temperate, sober, and good-humoured; but in general are strangers to the manly virtues, though I know two or three individuals, who are not only an honour to their country, but an ornament to human nature.

Adieu!

Hotel d'Angleterre,
Calais.

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X.

THE COINS OF HOLLAND.

THE Doit is a copper coin, the size of and English farthing, but of only half the value.

Eight Doits make a Stiver, which is of a base metal, larger than a silver penny, and rather more in value. — On one side is the bundle of arrows, emblematical of the union of the Seven Provinces; on the reverse is the name of each respective province in which it was coined.

Two Stivers make a Dubliky, which is of base metal, and of the size of an English sixpence.

The Sestehalf goes for five Stivers and a half, is as thin as a sixpence, but in size equal to a shilling. — When the bundle of arrows in
form

form of a star is stamped on a Sestehalf, it increases its value to six stivers. On one side is a champion on horseback; on the reverse, the arms of the province.

The Goode Skelling is likewise worth six Stivers, and differs from the Sestehalf only in the size, being much broader.

The Gilder or Florin is twenty Stivers, of tolerable silver, and almost as large as our half-crown. On one side is the figure of a man à l'antique, leaning upon the bible with his left hand, holding a spear in his right*. On the exergue are these words. "Hac nitimur, hanc tuemur." Had the words been reversed, the motto would have applied; at present they stand as a proof of Dutch stupidity.

The Ducat is a gold coin, worth five Gilders and five Stivers, about the size of a half guinea.

* I am inclined to think that this device was taken from John Boccold, or Beukels, a journeyman taylor of Leyden, who was an Anabaptist prophet, and in the year 1534 became king of Munster. This John of Leyden carried a bible in one hand, and a spear in the other, and coined money stamped with his own image.

It is said to be the purest gold of any European coin. On one side a warrior armed cap-à-pié, with a sword in one hand, the bundle of arrows in the other. On the exergue, *Concordiæ res parvæ crescunt*; on the reverse, *Mo. ord. Provin. Fœder. Belg. ad leg. imp.*

A Ryder is a gold coin, rather thicker than the Ducat; value seven Florins. On one side is an equestrian figure of a warrior completely armed, in the act of attacking sword in hand; on the reverse a lion rampant, with a sword in one paw, the bundle of arrows in the other: it is marked 7—G. l.

The Gilder, the Ducat, and the Ryder, are most beautiful coins.

TABLE OF DUTCH COIN.

DUTCH.	ENGLISH.
A Doit	Half a Farthing
A Stiver	One Penny
A Dubliky	Two pence
A Sestehalf	Five pence halfpenny
A Goode Skelling	Six pence
A Gilder or Florin	Twenty pence
A Ducat	9 Shill. and six pence.
A Ryder	12 Shill. and 9 pence.

This

This calculation is not perfectly exact, for a shilling goes only for eleven Stivers; half a crown for twenty eight, and a guinea for eleven Gilders eleven Stivers; but you will seldom be allowed more than eleven Gilders eight Stivers for a Guinea.

A Stiver's intrinsic value is something more than an English penny, otherwise we should lose one shilling and nine-pence in the exchange, as there are in eleven Gilders eleven Stivers only two hundred and thirty-one Stivers, which, valued as pence, amount to no more than nineteen shillings and three-pence.

Guineas are current in all parts of Holland; and if you can carry over new guineas, it will be to your advantage, as at Helvoet and at Amsterdam you will get the full change of eleven Gilders eleven Stivers.

The Dutch compute by Gilders, Stivers, and Doits, as we do by pounds, shillings, and pence; when extraordinary exactness is not requisite, ten Gilders are computed as a pound Sterling. Sometimes they reckon by tons of gold: a ton is 100,000 gilders, or 10,000 pounds sterling.

THE

THE FLEMISH COIN.

THE smallest piece of currency is a Liard, of the size and value of an English farthing.

The Demi-sous answers to our halfpenny both in size and value.

The Ten-Liard piece is a base silver coin, of the size of a six-pence; on one side a cross, on the other the imperial arms, worth two-pence halfpenny English.

A Placart is a half a Schelling, or three Sous and a half, larger than a sixpence, bearing a cross on one side, the spread eagle on the other.

A Five Sous piece is as large as our shilling on one side a cross, on the other the imperial arms.

A Schelling is of the same size, but better metal, worth seven Sous; on one side the arms of the Emperor, on the other a lion rampant holding a sword in one paw, sustaining a shield with the other.

There are Two-Schelling pieces, which differ from the Schelling only in size.

The

The Demi Couronne is the size of our English half crown, and is worth four Schellings and a Placart; on one side a cross, on the other a spread eagle, with the imperial arms in the middle.

The Couronne is the size and value of an English crown.

Four Couronnes nine Sous, or thirty seven Schellins two Sous, are change for an English guinea.

The Flemands compute by Florins, which are not real coin as in Holland, but imaginary like our pound sterling. For instance, thirteen Florins one Sous make a guinea.

The ideal Florin answers to twenty Sous, by which means you get nine Sous in the change of every guinea.

For a Dutch Ducat you have in change seventeen Schellings one Sous, which is equal to ten shillings in English.

Their silver money is so basely adulterated, that it will not pass out of the territories of the Emperor.

There is a gold coin called an imperial, but I never met with one.

THE

THE COIN OF FRANCE.

Three Deniers make one Liard; four of which, one Sol, or halfpenny English; twenty Sols one Livre, which, like our pound sterling, is imaginary; but by that the French always compute.

Twenty four Livres make one Louis-d'or.

A Denier is an ancient copper coin, not so large as Charles the II^d.s farthing.

A Two-Liard piece is in size between a farthing and a halfpenny; in value equal only to a farthing.

A Sol is somewhat larger.

A Six Liard piece is of thin copper, the size of an English sixpence, slightly washed with silver, and is marked thus LL.

The Two-Sols piece differs only from the Six-Liard piece in thickness, and by being stamped with a single L: — The thickness is the safer distinction, as the impression of the letters is often worn out.

The

The Six-Sols piece is of the size and value of our silver three-pence.

The Douze-Sols piece answers to our sixpence.

The Vingt-quatre Sol is like an English shilling, both in size and value.

The Half-crown is three Livres.

The Crown-piece six Livres, four of which make a Louis d'or, which is about the size and value of a guinea.

The coin of the reigning king is the only current coin in France, which in the gold and silver is most minutely observed, but their copper is so adulterated, that the stamp is little regarded.

You must always compute either by Sols or Livres; — generally by Sols till you arrive at five Livres: — you therefore say a thing cost quatre vingt cent sols.

A Franc and a Livre are synonymous for the same specific sum, yet are distinguished in their application. In small numbers you use the word Franc, as six Francs; but when you come to computations above a hundred, you adopt the word Livre.

The

*The Manner and Expence of Travelling from
LONDON to HELVOET.*

	£.	s.	d.
In a chaise and four, with post-horse for the servant.	6	10	0

At HARWICH.

The agent's permit.	0	13	6
Porters for trunks, at 6d. each,	0	0	6
To the officers of the customs,	0	1	0
The boat to the vessel,	0	1	0
Bed in the cabin,	1	1	0
Cabin-boy,	0	1	0
Porter at Helveor,	0	1	0

The fees and passage for one person are, £. 1 19 0

The seventy-two mile stone is in the middle of the town of Harwich; yet by inn-keepers computation you are obliged to pay for seventy-four miles.

There is a coach goes from the Spread-Eagle in Grace-church-street: Fare 12s.

The

The Rout and Distance from Place to Place.

From LONDON to

White Hart	Rumford	10
Red Lion	12 Ingatstone	24
Blue Posts	14 Witham	38
Three Cups	14 Colchester	52
White Hart	10 Manningtree	62
White Hart	12 Harwich	74
From Harwich	to Helveot	36 leagues.

H O L L A N D.

*The Manner and Expence of Travelling for
three Gentlemen and one Servant from HEL-
VOET to UTRECHT.*

	<i>Gil. stv. deit.</i>
For ringing the bell at Helvoet,	0 5 4
For a stage-waggon to the Brill,	3 17 0
To the waggoner,	0 5 4
For the ferry to Boar's island,	0 12 0
Post-waggon over the island,	0 16 0
Ferry to Maeslandduice,	0 5 4
Roof of the treckschuyte to Delft,	1 4 0
Ditto to Rotterdam,	1 12 0
Ditto to Delft,	1 12 0
Ditto to the Hague,	0 18 0
Ditto to Leyden,	1 10 0
Ditto to Harlem,	3 0 0
Ditto to Amsterdam,	2 1 0
To Utrecht without the roof,	3 7 4
	<i>Gil. 21 1 8</i>

We travelled one hundred and thirteen mile
for about 1*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* English.

A Stiver for the boy, who rides the horse for
the boat, is a handsome gratuity.

*The Rout and Distance from HELVOET to
UTRECHT.*

		Miles.
Sun	to The Bell	7
Blackmoor's Head	5 Maeslandsluice	12
Stadt's Doele	8 Delft	20
Swine's Hoof	10 Rotterdam	30
Le Parlement d' } Angleterre }	15 The Hague	45
Golden Ball	12 Leyden	57
Golden Fleece	16 Harlem	73
The Star in the } Nefs }	10 Amsterdam	83
Chateau d'An- } vers }	30 Utrecht	113

*The Manner and Expence of Travelling from
UTRECHT to LISLE.*

	<i>Gil. flo. doit.</i>
A coach and four from Utrecht to	
Breda,	54 0 0
Ditto to Bergen op zoom,	21 0 0
Ditto to Antwerp,	22 0 0
A coach and pair to Brussels,	16 0 0
Ditto to Ghent,	15 0 0
The barge to Bruges,	4 0 0
Coach and pair to Courtray,	14 4 0
Ditto to Lisle,	8 0 0
The permit at Menin to enter France	1 0 0
	155 0 0

Or about 144 4s. English.

Four places in the Dilligence from	<i>Liv.</i>
Lisle to Paris, at 55 liv. each,	220 0 0
To the coachmen 3 liv. each,	12 0 0
Baggage, at 3 sous per pound,	35 0 0
	267 0 0

Or 11 1/2 gs. English.

N. B. Provisions and lodging are included in the fare.

N a

The

The Rout and Distance from UTRECHT to LISLE.

	To Gorcom	18
Le Prince Cardinal,	24 Breda	42
	15 Rosindale,	57
La Cour d'Holland,	6 Bergen op zoom,	63
Le Grand Labou- reur,	21 Antwerp,	84
La Gruë,	12 Mechlin,	96
L'hotel Imperial,	12 Bruffels,	108
	15 Aloft,	123
St. Sebastian,	15 Ghent,	138
Le Fleur Blé,	24 Bruges,	162
Le Chateler,	24 Courtray,	186
L'Aigle étendu,	6 Menin,	192
L'hotel Royal,	9 Lisle,	201

From LISLE,

To Douay,	21
15 Cambray,	36
24 Peronne,	60
66 Senlis,	126
30 Paris,	156

The

*The Manner and Expence of Travelling from
PARIS to CALAIS.**Livres.*

To Mr. Paschal - Sellier près la monnoye,	
for the hire of a coach to Calais,	144
For six horses, at 7 livres 10 sous per post,	
for thirty-two posts and a post-royal,	247
To two postillions two livres per post,	64
	—
Or about 20l. sterling.	455
	<i>The</i>

Fifteen sous per post is sufficient to give a postillion; none but the English give so much.

Remember, when you hire a chaise, to agree with the master, that he shall be at the expence of all repairs that may be necessary on the road; otherwise you will be accommodated with a crazy vehicle, that it may be repaired at your expence. — The proper method is to get an order from the owner on the person you are to deliver the carriage to, that he should reimburse you the expence of the repairs.

A post royal is a shameful imposition to plunder travellers; for at going in and out of Paris, Versailles, Lyons, or any other place where the King keeps his court, the first post, though in fact but two leagues, demands a double price; and from the King's residing there, is called royal.

The Rout and Distance from PARIS.

	To St. Denis,	6
A la Poste,	21 Chautilly,	27
A Cygne Blanc,	15 Clermont,	42
Les Bons Enfants,	48 Amiens,	90
	9 Pequigney,	99
L'Etoile de Jour,	21 Abbeville,	120
La Cour de France,	30 Montreuil,	150
Lion d'Or,	24 Boulogne,	174
Hotel d'Angleterre,	21 Calais,	195
		<i>Expence</i>

The French compute distance by leagues or by posts, but never by miles.

A post is two leagues, which I believe is not more than five English miles.

The common price of a chaise de poste from Calais to Paris is three Louis d'ors.

It costs about 5d. English per mile to ride post; the same for a person in a two-wheeled chaise with two horses; but the hire of the carriage is not included in that expence.

By the ordonnance of 1757, every person à franc errier shall pay twenty-five sous per post for his own bider, the same for his guide's.

For a carriage with two wheels and two horses, one person only being in it, two livres ten sous must be paid per post.

If there are three horses, or two persons in the chaise, or a servant behind it, three livres fifteen sous must be paid a post.

A four-

*Expence of Travelling from CALAIS to
LONDON.*

	3. 5. 6.
For half the packet,	2 12 6
To the sailors,	0 10 6
Boat to land us,*	1 1 0
Porters,	0 5 0
Chaise and four, and post horse for the servant,	7 4 0
From Calais to London,	11 13 0

Rent

A four wheeled chaise with four horses shall pay five livres.

The post masters may refuse to carry the baggage exceeding one hundred weight behind, and forty pounds before the carriage.

* This expence was occasioned by the time of the tide and roughness of the weather, which prevented the vessel coming into the harbour; boats therefore came off to us, and took advantage of our sickness and impatience, by exorting two guineas for putting eight of us on shore at the distance of half a mile.

Route and Distance from CALAIS to LONDON.

Ship	To Dover,	24
Red Lion	16 Canterbury,	40
George	16 Sittingborne,	56
King's Head,	11 Rochester,	67
Marquis of Granby,	15 Dartford,	82
	15 London,	97

From

	<i>Manner of travelling.</i>	<i>Expence.</i> £. s. Miles.
From London to Harwich,	{ Post-chaise and four, }	6 10— 74
— Harwich to Helvoet,	{ In the packet, }	8 0— 118
— Helvoet to Utrecht, which includes the tour of Holland,	{ In treck-schuytes, }	2 0— 113
— Utrecht to Antwerp, which includes Dutch Brabant,	{ In a coach and four, }	8 16— 84
— Antwerp to Lisse, which includes the Austrian Netherlands,	{ In a coach and pair, }	5 7— 115
— Lisse to Paris,	{ In the Diligence, }	11 9— 156
— Paris to Calais, }	{ In a coach and six, }	20 0— 192
— Calais to Dover,	{ In the Packet, }	4 9— 24
— Dover to London,	{ In a chaise and four, }	7 4— 75

Number of miles in the whole tour is nine hundred and fifty-one.

The conveyance of three gentlemen and one servant amounts to 73l. 15s.—Absent from England nine weeks, three of which were spent in Paris.

1. *Exposition*
 2. *Exposition*
 3. *Exposition*
 4. *Exposition*
 5. *Exposition*
 6. *Exposition*
 7. *Exposition*
 8. *Exposition*
 9. *Exposition*
 10. *Exposition*
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 14. *Exposition*
 15. *Exposition*
 16. *Exposition*
 17. *Exposition*
 18. *Exposition*
 19. *Exposition*
 20. *Exposition*
 21. *Exposition*
 22. *Exposition*
 23. *Exposition*
 24. *Exposition*
 25. *Exposition*
 26. *Exposition*
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the whole town is mine town-

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which were taken in 1904.

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